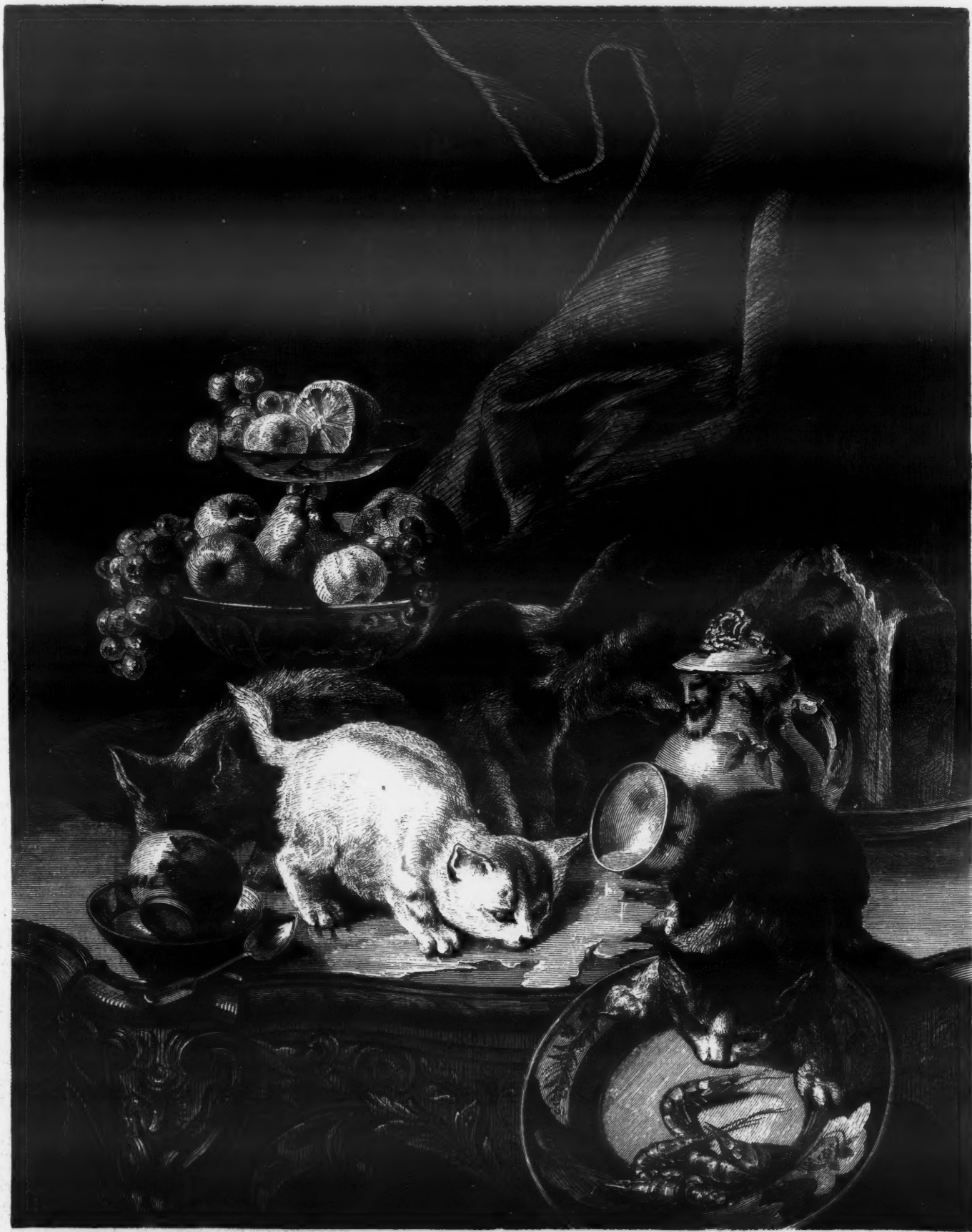


The Aldine

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UNBIDDEN GUESTS.—AFTER THE ORIGINAL OF MONGINOT.

THE ALDINE.

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HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

So you beg for a story, my darling—my brown-eyed Leopold—
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their
heart's desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went
down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown,
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall;
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward-bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow, the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing clamorous stroke on stroke!

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless
dread,—
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-stone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging crowd,
Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael
stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it, there rose a sudden wail,
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whiten-
ing lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling Will-o'-Wisp to a steady beacon
grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right
hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the Mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard,
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky?
Clings to a column and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible, sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing, he climbs with his feet and
his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection with the belfry beneath him he
stands!
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single, tempestuous
breath—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of
death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the
fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire,
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's
track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shat-
tered and black!

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air,
At the church-door Mayor and Council wait with their feet on the
stair—
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown savior whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amazement?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his life to save,
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not
loud,
And his eyes ablaze in their sockets burnt into the eyes of the
crowd:

"You may keep your gold,—I scorn it!—but answer me, ye who
can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man?"

He stepped but a short space backward, and from all the women
and men
There were only sobs for answer, and the Mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door, a
man.

—Mary A. P. Stansbury.

MR. BONSALE'S MATCHMAKING.

My uncle, Alexander McFarlane, was waiting break-
fast, an event very uncommon with him, for Aunt
Nancy was the soul of punctuality. Nevertheless
she was a little late this morning. Eight o'clock was
the breakfast hour, and it was now fully ten minutes
past.

Aunt Nancy was not my Uncle McFarlane's wife.
He was a widower of some fifteen years' standing.
Fifteen years before his wife had left him a delicate
little boy for a keepsake, and had gone away, whis-
pering with her last breath that she was very happy.
Her mother and sister, who had come to the house
to nurse her, remained after her death, according to
Uncle McFarlane's particular request. He would be
so glad, he said, if it were not exacting too much of
a sacrifice, to have Mrs. Howard and Nancy stay with
him, keep up his house, and attend to his little boy.
So Mrs. Howard, who was a widow with a very strait-
ened income, rented her little house in the New
England village where she had always lived, and
came to preside over Mr. McFarlane's spacious man-
sion and liberal housekeeping in Greenwich Street,
New York—my Uncle McFarlane lived in Green-
wich Street, a fact which marks the date of my story
with sufficient exactness.

Mrs. Howard had been dead three months, and still
Aunt Nancy presided over Uncle McFarlane's house-
hold. Neither of them had ever thought of a change
as either necessary or desirable. Nancy had been a
fair, prim, and somewhat quiet girl when she came to
live in Greenwich Street. She was still a fair, some-
what prim woman of thirty-five, with pretty, soft
brown hair, violet-blue eyes, and a pure, soft, some-
what changeful complexion. She was not in the least
like a modern young lady's heroine. She had no par-
ticular aspirations beyond the limited and old-fash-
ioned one of doing her duty in that state of life to
which it had pleased God to call her. She did not
consider herself a martyr to uncongenial circum-
stances, because she made Uncle McFarlane's shirts
and mended his stockings, and even the fact of going
down into the kitchen, to do up his immaculate
ruffles, when old Mrs. Brown's hands were too lame,
and the chambermaid's too unskillful to be trusted
with them, did not awaken in her mind any desire to
rush out into the world in search of a career. No
such fancy had ever entered Nancy Howard's head.
She was absolutely "contented with her present con-
dition," willing to go on making Uncle McFarlane's
shirts, keeping his house, spoiling his child, and
"making it pleasant for him," as she simply said.
Her great pleasures consisted in doing muslin em-
broidery, visiting the poor, going to church, and
reading the English classics, with now and then a
novel. If she had any trials she kept them to her-
self, confiding them to no spiritual director, news-
paper editor, or female friend. Such was Nancy
Howard at five-and-thirty.

My Uncle McFarlane was a fine gentleman in the
true sense of the phrase. He was unimpeachable in
integrity, unspotted in morals, in manners absolutely
perfect—a little set in his way, and possibly some-
what particular in eating and drinking. He was also
given to amusing himself in a quiet way with the
peculiarities of those about him. But he never wil-
lingly hurt or neglected any one, and he had a cer-
tain genial graciousness of manner, which made all
his employés, from Mr. Saunders, his confidential
clerk, down to Black Sam, the carman, and Davy,
the errand boy, feel the better when he spoke to them.

"Miss Nancy is a little late this morning!" ob-
served Uncle McFarlane, as Brown, his man, brought
him the paper.

"Yes, sir. She was out till after twelve last night,
at Sam's, sir!"

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Well, you see, sir, Sam's girl was took with a quick
consumption last spring, and his wife ain't very rug-
ged either. Miss Nancy, she's been there a good
deal, and when Susy was struck with death last
evening, she sends for her. So Miss Nancy, she went
and stayed till it was all over. It was a great comfort
to them, sir. You see, Sam's wife, she's got a little
young baby, too, and altogether it comes hard!"

"I should say so, indeed. We must see that every-
thing is done, Brown. Find out when the funeral
is to be, and let me know, and tell your wife to
send them something comfortable when she goes to
market. But here comes Miss Nancy. Send up
breakfast, Brown."

Breakfast was usually a somewhat silent meal, save
for Alick's chatter with his aunt; for Mr. McFarlane
always read the paper, invariably asking Miss Nancy's
permission.

"Why do you look at me so closely, Alick?" asked
Miss Nancy, as she caught her nephew's gaze fixed
upon her.

"I was thinking how pretty you are!" answered
Alick, with his usual frankness. "I think you are a
hundred times prettier than Miss Regina Schuyler,
that they make such a fuss about. And I don't want
her for a stepmother. So there!"

"What is that about Miss Schuyler?" asked my
uncle, laying down his paper. "It strikes me that
you are taking rather a liberty with that young lady—
to say nothing of myself."

"It wasn't me, father; it was Mr. Bonsall," answered
Alick. "Mr. Bonsall asked me if I wouldn't like a
pretty young lady like Miss Regina Schuyler to come
into the house; and I told him no—I didn't want
any one but Aunt Nancy. Then he said Aunt Nancy
was an old maid; and I said, if she was forty old maids
she was a hundred times prettier than Miss Regina—
and so she is!"

"We won't discuss that matter!" said my uncle,
annoyed, but repressing his annoyance, as usual.
"You need not mind Mr. Bonsall. We all know his
ways!"

There was something in his father's tone which
made Alick aware that he had better drop the sub-
ject. Uncle McFarlane went on with his paper, but
now and then glanced over it with an expression of
some interest. "Nancy is pretty!" he said to him-
self. "There is something in her face which reminds
me of my mother."

Breakfast being over, my uncle put on his over-
coat, asking, as he did so, his invariable question,
"Have you any commands for the city?"

"And, by the way, please see that everything is
done for Sam's family. The poor woman will per-
haps be the better for some port wine, or ale, and let
everything be nice about the funeral. I will take the
expense on myself. Sam is a good faithful fellow."

"Really Nancy is very pretty!" said my uncle, as
he walked out of the house. "I never thought much
about it before, but she is decidedly pretty. Miss
Regina Schuyler, indeed, Really Bonsall is too bad
to put such notions into the boy's head." And Mr.
McFarlane pursued his way to the office, unconscious
of the fate awaiting him there.

"Any letters, Saunders?" he asked, as he passed
the clerk's desk. "I see the packet is in."

"Yes, sir. They are on your desk, and Mr. Bon-
sall is waiting to speak to you in your room. What
ails Mr. McFarlane?" said the clerk to himself, as
his principal passed on. "I don't believe he ever
before forgot to ask for my wife. I hope nothing is
wrong." Mr. Saunders had an invalid wife, who was
indebted to Mr. McFarlane for many little comforts.

Mr. Bonsall was waiting in the office. He was a
stout man with red hair and whiskers, and a bluff,
uncompromising manner. He had a habit, on which
he prided himself, of always "speaking his mind"—
that is, of saying everything and anything which
came into his head—a habit which did not cause him
to be beloved by his acquaintance. He and Uncle
McFarlane had once been partners, and they still
kept up a kind of intimacy, at which many people
wondered.

"Well, Bonsall, how goes the world with you?"
asked my uncle, leisurely taking off his coat and
overshoes.

"Oh, well enough. If it don't go to suit me, I make
it, that's all!" answered Mr. Bonsall. "But, see
here, McFarlane, I didn't come here to bandy com-
pliments. I want to talk to you about a serious
matter."

"Well, what is it?" asked my uncle, preparing to
listen, not without a longing glance at his foreign
letters and papers.

"I'm going to speak my mind, as I always do!"
said Mr. Bonsall. "I want to know what you mean
to do about Nancy?"

"About Nancy!" repeated my uncle, with a little
start. "What about Nancy?"

"Aye, what about her?—that's just it. Of course
you can't go on as you do now. It was well enough

when the old lady was alive; but her death changes all that, and folks will talk. Nancy's an old maid, to be sure—forty, if she's an hour—

"Thirty-five!" said my uncle, correcting him.

"Well, five years don't matter much. She's an old maid, as I said. Still, folks will and do talk, and you ought to get rid of her. The truth is, McFarlane, you ought to marry again; and of course you can't with Nancy in the house."

"You think so?"

"Why, of course, not. There's Miss Regina Schuyler, now. She'd jump at the chance of marrying you; but you don't suppose she would set up housekeeping with Nancy Howard, do you?"

"I must beg, Bonsall, that you will not bring Miss Schuyler's name into question," said my uncle. "Such liberties are not to be taken with respectable young ladies."

"Liberty or not, she would have you in a minute. And there's another thing about it. Nancy Howard is dead in love with you, herself, and of course you can't marry her—that is out of the question."

"Nancy Howard!" repeated my uncle, in a tone of bewilderment.

"To be sure, man. Any one but you would have seen it, though Nancy is not the woman to throw herself at any man's head, I'll say that for her. My wife has known it this long time, and I can see it, too. Of course you can't marry her. She is old, and poor, and plain, and in delicate health besides. So, of course, all you can do is to get rid of her. Send her home to her native place with a pension, marry Regina Schuyler, and begin life anew."

"Does Mrs. Bonsall really think that—that Miss Howard entertains such sentiments?" asked my uncle, as Mr. Bonsall paused a moment: "Women see such things more clearly than men."

"Of course she does. She was talking of it last night. 'Nancy ought to have a change,' says she, 'if she don't she'll go off like her sister. She's a quiet, patient creature,' says she; 'but it is easy to see what ails her.' Now, you see, her being consumptive is another reason why you can't marry her. So, there! I've spoken my mind, as I always do; and I hope you will have sense enough to act upon it."

"I shall certainly act upon it!" said my uncle, calmly.

"And soon, I hope!" said Mr. Bonsall, rising. "The sooner the better."

"The sooner the better!" echoed my uncle. "I quite agree with you. Thank you, Bonsall, thank you!"

"I think I did a good piece of work this morning!" said Mr. Bonsall to his wife, as he was preparing to go out: "I spoke to McFarlane about Nancy!" And he repeated the substance of the conversation. Mrs. Bonsall was a quiet, kind-hearted woman; but, like her husband, she sometimes spoke her mind. She did so on this occasion.

"Bonsall, you are an idiot! Most men are in such matters, and you are a perfect one."

Mr. Bonsall looked as if some one had thrown a wet towel in his face. "Why, Mary Anne! What's that for?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Go along, do, and leave me in peace."

Mr. Bonsall was always very meek when his wife took these rare fits of plain speaking, and he shut the door without another word. Mrs. Bonsall sat looking at the fire with an expression of vexation, which gradually changed to one of kindness.

"After all it might be worse," said she, speaking to the fire: "Nancy is a good soul, and as sweet as honey. She will make him happy, and be happy herself, and it will be good for the boy. But I think I see Bonsall's face when he hears of it!"

For two hours my uncle sat looking through his office window without even thinking of his letters. Then he drew a deep breath, as of one relieved of a doubt, and turned to his correspondence. He did not go home to dinner, but left the office early, stopping at a florist's, where he bought some beautiful hot-house flowers, and two nice hyacinth bulbs in pretty glasses, which last he sent to Mrs. Saunders.

"Father, may I go up and see Tom Saunders?" asked Alick after tea. Aunt Nancy was sitting at her work-table, fresh and neat from top to toe. She was composed as usual, but my uncle fancied he observed a slight change in her manner toward himself. Probably Alick's remarks might have disturbed her a little.

"Certainly, my son. And be sure to ask, particularly, how Mrs. Saunders finds herself. I quite forgot

it this morning. I was the more ready to let Alick go as I wish to consult you on a matter of great importance to us both." And then, in his usual kind, somewhat formal manner, he opened the subject. He was desirous, he said, of going abroad for some time, perhaps for some years. He thought the change would be good for Alick, who showed signs of delicate lungs.

Aunt Nancy's heart fluttered, and her color went and came; but she had long been schooled in self-control, and she made no other sign. "It won't be for long!" said the quiet, breaking heart to itself, little guessing what was in store.

My uncle continued. I don't know exactly how he worded it, but he made it plain that neither he nor the boy could live without Nancy. Would Nancy consent to become his wife, and be a mother to Alick in fact, as she had long been in name? And so in an hour the matter was all settled.

"We are asked to a wedding!" said Mrs. Bonsall to her husband some six weeks afterward.

"A wedding—whose wedding?" asked Mr. Bonsall, not greatly interested.

"Nancy Howard's!"

"Nancy Howard's—you don't mean—" The idea which occurred to Mr. Bonsall fairly struck him dumb.

"Yes; Nancy and McFarlane!" answered his wife, enjoying her lord's discomfiture. "They are to be married at St. Paul's, very quietly, and sail for Europe as soon as possible."

"The deuce they are. And after all I said to him!"

"After all you said to him!" echoed Mrs. Bonsall.

"The moment you told me what you said to him, and especially as to Nancy's being talked about, I knew you had made the match. You could have got him to marry old Miss Paget in the same way."

"But such a sacrifice, Mary Anne!"

"Oh, well, I don't know. I dare say he might feel it a little of a sacrifice just at first; but by this time he has persuaded himself that there never was such a woman, and that the favor was all on her side. I don't think, for my part, McFarlane will ever regret it."

And I don't think Uncle McFarlane ever did.

—Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

UPON the threshold of the month we are met by the columbine with a kindly nod of welcome. We will know this pretty plant by its close resemblance in form to the familiar and much less showy garden species. It will be found among rocks, often where we will be led to wonder how it manages to obtain subsistence. It is a very great favorite with the bees, who, after carefully prospecting, secure at last the delicious nectar distilled by the long scarlet spurs, or may be seen attached to the yellow protruding stamens, enjoyably swinging in the sunshine.

In somewhat similar localities throughout the summer, we may find the pale corydalis. It is very like the dielytra of the gardens, now called *dienentra*, except that there is but one leg to accommodate with so-called "breeches," and the color of the garment is different. Its showy blossoms and long green pods may generally be found simultaneously, and owing to the length of its flowering period, it is advantageously transplanted to one's flower-pot or garden. As with all other wild flowers, it will, when kept within doors, undergo many strange contortions of stem in its struggle to reach the free air and light.

Leaving the high, rocky grounds, we pass on toward the woods, observing as we go the charming vases displayed by the huckleberries, typical of the grateful offering of fruit they will hereafter yield us. We notice here and there the clusters of chokeberry blossoms, and the light purple corolla of the wild geranium. The last is as beautiful to us as any of the pelargoniums cultivated under its less assuming name. It is, however, very difficult to preserve the gathered flowers until they can be examined at leisure—the plant withers almost at a touch.

We will now, very likely, see the ladies' slipper, a member of the large and curious order of the Orchids. We will find its structure very peculiar, and be surprised at the marvelous methods which Nature employs to secure their cross-fertilization through the agency of insects. In the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, the same species, which with us is purple and marked by darker veins of the same color, is often pure white. Another species, the flowers of which are yellow and equally pretty, is to be found in

our neighborhood, but is not so common as its congener. We may find, too, the graceful mitre-wort, with a spike of small flowers so minutely divided that they resemble in their delicacy the icy stars which Jack Frost hangs upon the withered stems in autumn. Its cousin, the tiarella, will not be far off, and is also very pretty. The goldthread well repays one for a search, both by its starry flowers, and the yellow, wire-like roots from which it derives its name.

Everywhere around us, often nestling at the feet of the gray-barked trees, we will notice a little plant suggesting most naturally the lily of the valley. It is the false Solomon's Seal. The bellwort, with its drooping, straw-colored flowers, furnishes thought for a "song of the bell," as poetical and melodious as that of Schiller. In moist, shady woodlands we cannot fail to observe two species of wild sarsaparilla. The smaller one, known as dwarf giaseng, is very delicate and graceful, and makes a handsome pressed specimen. In the northern woods, the spring beauty, with its pink-veined petals, makes the whole forest gay. We shall never forget the time when we first saw the fairy shoe of Calypso, daintily fringed and embroidered with purple and yellow, and worthy to encase even the foot of the fair daughter of Oceanus. It belongs to the same family as the ladies' slipper, but is very rare, and found only on our northern border.

We must now touch our hat to the jolly buttercups, the yellow and bird-foot violets, the golden rug-wort, and, last and most lovely of all, the star-anemone. Nor should we slight the charming flowers of the swamps, the arethusa, the buck-bean, and the forget-me-not with its blue eyes of constancy. In all the coming season there will be no forms so unpretending yet so bewitching in their beauty. The Jack-in-the-pulpit is an especial favorite with us, and we always rejoice when we see him. We like to raise his painted canopy, and surprise him in the attitude of benediction. We often find a camp meeting of these minute exhorters, nor do we think their sermons entirely in vain. We remember the text perfectly when we reach home—and even of the orthodox no more can be required. We have heard these little fellows deliver full many a discourse, and regret that such eloquent orators should not tarry with us longer.

Allow us but a few words about the shrubs and trees, and like the long-winded parson we will "conclude," and, with gratitude to our audience for their exemplary patience, allow them to stroll into more exciting columns. Of the first-mentioned class, the most showy, we think, is the Rhodora. Its handsome, rose-purple, azalia-like flowers precede the leaves, and it loves the most secluded swamps. Of it Emerson has sung most sweetly:

"Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky?
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you."

Another handsome shrub at all seasons, not a native, but in New England thoroughly domesticated, is the familiar barberry, whose drooping racemes of yellow flowers are highly ornamental. It is a pity that their odor is so outrageous! The irritable stamens are worthy of attention, as when touched—say with a knife-blade—they quickly spring toward the pistil, and for a moment seem endowed with life. The sweet fern blooms in May, but its fragrance is with us throughout the summer, suggesting, half-dreamily, some far-off scene of youth, or possibly of a previous existence, the salient points of which we cannot definitely fix, and of which we are still dimly conscious. The readers of the "Autocrat" will remember that he mentions having a similar association with the odor of the life-everlasting, and discourses pleasantly of this mental phenomenon.

Coming to the trees, we believe that the large flowered dogwood is often cultivated in gardens. It is common in the woods on the banks of the Hudson, where its white blossoms are very beautiful, when relieved by the dark foliage of the evergreens. The sassafras flowers in this month, as well as the whole family of oaks, nuts and beeches. In fact, it would be simply impossible to give more than a synopsis of the multitudinous plants which enliven this prolific month. We trust, however, that our words may lead some worshiper, accompanied or alone, to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the wonders of the forest.

—W. W. Bailey.

THE LEE SHORE.

AMONG the many perils that lie in wait for those who go down to the sea in ships, the perils of a lee shore are the most dreadful. The good ship has made her journey so far safely. She has encountered storms, perhaps, in mid-ocean, but they are past. She has gone on day after day, and night after night; the sun has shone upon her from the infinite blue above; the moon has turned the waves around her into silver; she has plowed her way gallantly over

"We are hurried to our doom: Oh, how wild and how strong
Are the billows on whose bosom we are beating along;
And the Tempest he is calling (hark, how terrible his song!)
For thee! for me!"

Hood has surpassed him, we think, in this melancholy little poem, which appears to have been written for a picture:

THE LEE SHORE.

Sleet! and Hail! and Thunder!
And ye winds that rave,
Till the sands thereunder
Tinge the sullen wave—

Let broad leagues dis sever
Him from yonder foam:—
Oh, God! to think Man ever
Comes too near his home!

An American poet describes the lee shore by night:

"Through the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale,
Through the night!"



CITY GIRLS AND COUNTRY GIRLS.—DORÉ.

the "wandering fields of barren foam;" her pennon has drooped in tropic calms, and fluttered wildly in the icy gusts of the north, and it was all one to her, and her stout-hearted, merry crew. Suddenly a wind comes—who knows whence?—and she is driven out of her course on a lee shore. She has left danger behind, only to meet destruction before. The skill that has guided her hitherto is useless here. There are strong hands at the rudder, but the wind is stronger, and it steers her whither it will. It were better that she had sunk in the deep sea, with all on board, than that she should reach the shore to which the mad, merciless wind is driving her—the wild, stormy, rock-bound, terrible lee shore!

Barry Cornwall places us on her dreadful deck:

Winds that like a demon,
Howl with horrid note
Round the toiling seaman
In his tossing boat—
From his humble dwelling,
On the shingly shore,
Where the billows swelling
Keep such hollow roar—
From that weeping Woman,
Seeking with her eyes
Succor superhuman
From the frowning skies—
From the Urchin pining
For his Father's knee—
From the lattice shining,
Drive him out to sea!

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight,
On the surf-flooded deck,
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave,
Through the night!"

We have great respect for the poets; but, if we wish to realize the terrors of the lee shore, we must call in a painter to aid us. For this purpose we cannot find a better one in America than Mr. M. F. H. de Haas, whose illustration, "The Lee Shore," our readers have already seen. Powerfully handled throughout, and penetrated with the fury of the winds and the ungovernable strength of the sea, it is worthy of the reputation of this distinguished artist.



A TROUT BROOK.—J. W. CASELEAR, N. A.

A TROUT BROOK.

IF the mass of mankind was made up of those unimaginative and practical people who flatter themselves that they are men of sense, it would go hard with the small number of good fellows who are gifted with special tastes and passions. What there is in angling, for instance, that tempts a man to follow it day after day, sir, tramping through the woods, along some stream, or brook, clambering up and down the rocks, at the risk of breaking his neck, sir, throwing his line here and there, and finally coming home at night, often without a fish, sir—is one of the things that our friend Gradgrind cannot find out. He is not averse to eating the trout that Piscator once in a while catches (if he could only be frank, he would say that he enjoys them hugely), but

he declares that they are not worth the time that has been wasted, and the vital force that has been expended, sir, in order to bring them to the table. He is right, no doubt, for when was he ever wrong?—but Piscator smiles good-naturedly, helps him to another crisp plateful, and—goes a-trouting to-morrow, just as if he had not been crushed by the most convincing arguments!

There never was an angler (at least we have never known one) who was not, although he may not have suspected the fact, an enthusiastic lover of nature. There are many ways of loving nature,—as the poet's, which contents itself with seizing its general effects; the painter's, which acquires knowledge of its forms and colors; the naturalist's, which compels the most careful study of its details; and the angler's, which consists of simple delight in all that pertains to

woods and waters. He may be a naturalist, as indeed most good anglers are; he may be a painter, as many are; he may be a poet, as some few are; but above and beyond all he is an angler, and his lines have fallen in pleasant places. As he wanders along the banks of his favorite brook, a sense of serene satisfaction settles upon his mind. He appears to be busy, but he is possessed of the amplest leisure. He may think of the trout that he is angling for, but it is not necessary, for if there, he will have him sooner or later.

The idyl of the angler's dream breaks sometimes into a lyric such as Mr. Caselear has drawn for us. It shows his knowledge of woods and waters, his light and breezy, yet firm and assured touch, and his hearty sympathy with angling. We know of nothing more characteristic of this accomplished artist, whose genius it represents at its best.

PIERRE'S CRIME

"MARIE! Marie!" rang the shrill, peevish tones through the kitchen and on the ears of a youthful pair, standing with their heads very close together, in a conversation apparently highly interesting. At the call the girl started, and began to make a great clatter with the work about her.

"Directly, madame! Holy saints! what it is to be so impatient!" *sotto voce*, after the very high opening key. "So you see, Pierre, it is not possible!" resuming their discussion.

"Then I will make it so," responded Pierre, unconsciously plagiarizing the spirit of a famous royal reply. He looked brave and strong enough, as he spoke, almost to carry conviction; but his companion only shook her head sorrowfully.

"What is it, then, you can do, my poor Pierre?—Yes, madame, *yes!*" as another yet sharper summons hurried her out of the room, with only a flying farewell to Pierre, who, for his part, walked slowly away, his head bent down in heavy thought.

"Behold you, then, even on the same day!" was Madame Bonnard's sarcastic greeting, as her maid rushed into her presence. "Are you not fatigued with your haste, Marie?"

"Indeed, madame, the stairs *are* very wearing," was the demure reply; "besides, I was so busy with my work below, as madame may have heard for herself—"

"Ah, wicked one!" screamed madame, "I did hear; but it was not the work; no, no! Look, then, daughter of perdition, what goes there?" pointing out of the window, where Pierre's figure was now visible.

"Madame means M'sieu Durand's donkey?" disingenuously replied Marie, "and a scrubby little beast—"

"Stupid!" cut in the old lady, "I meant the *other* donkey—Heaven send he be nothing worse!" piously. "I wonder you are not afraid to take up with a stranger like that, ready to murder us all in our beds; who knows? For me, I have always fancied something peculiar in his eye."

"So long as it is not a cast, I do not mind," answered Marie, with a toss of her head.

These little amenities, of daily occurrence between mistress and maid, meant absolutely nothing. Marie, in spite of a quick tongue, and, under certain circumstances, a slow foot, served Madame Bonnard well, who knew it, and prized her accordingly; prized her, no doubt, more than she would have done an attendant less ready of reply. For the old lady, crippled with rheumatism, and almost without near neighbors, had not very much to keep her awake besides Marie's sallies, which made the pepper and salt of her existence—wholesome irritants against the surrounding stagnation. Their combats were a kind of harlequin-show, a mockery performed merely for amusement, and the only subject on which they disagreed in earnest was this man Pierre, just walking away over the plain, with bent brow and lagging step.

It was now something less than a year since Pierre Lannes had come into the neighborhood, a total stranger to it and all its inhabitants. He had taken service with old Farmer Lenormand, who had been glad enough to get and to keep such unusual strength and willingness as the strange farm-hand displayed. Temperate, sparing and industrious, he had managed not only to save but to increase his earnings, so that, some months previous to the present time, he was justly regarded as a very good speculation in the matrimonial market; and the father of Marie, an avaricious old peasant, had gladly given his consent when asked for it. The betrothal took place, but unfortunately for the marriage which should shortly have followed, the young man's savings, invested in sheep, were swept away by a disastrous disease, leaving him almost penniless. In this position of affairs old Méney considered himself quite justified in drawing back from his word, particularly as there was another less unlucky aspirant for pretty Marie. Like a flinty-hearted father, and a griping old fellow as he was, he utterly refused to weigh so flimsy a commodity as love against the main chance, and the utmost concession that could be wrung from him was a brief delay, in which Pierre might, if he could, recover himself, and once more bid for Marie's hand; failing this, the hand was to be given to Jean Ragniac; as for the heart thereto appertaining, the place of its bestowal was a matter of the most absolute indifference to the practical Sieur Méney. Marie had, indeed, declared that she would be faithful to her betrothal vows, but in those unsophisticated regions filial obe-

dience was a very living letter indeed, and Pierre could take but little comfort in the prospect of a resistance which, even to himself, seemed impracticable. He took, indeed, but little comfort in anything, for, in spite of his valiant assurances to his sweetheart just now, he could see small chance of getting himself on his feet again in so short a space of time.

Madame Bonnard, reluctant to lose Marie's service, would fain have persuaded her that a state of single blessedness was altogether preferable, but this being out of the question, she took sides with Ragniac against Pierre, at whom she railed freely, without much regard to the consistency of her various accusations. Marie, greatly vexed as she was, had at once too much faith in her lover and pride for him to stoop to a serious defense; she contented herself with disconcerting the enemy's attack by a skirmishing fire.

But though she kept up a brave front before her mistress, to-day her heart was really not light, and, alone over her work, the bubble of song, that usually made a running accompaniment, was often replaced by involuntary sighs. She was glad to divert her melancholy, when, late in the afternoon, an errand obliged her to set off for Soucy, the neighboring village. The way was rather long, and decidedly lonely, but Marie was not timid; and, besides, the road she would take on her return would lead her past Farmer Lenormand's, and Pierre would walk with her the rest of the way through the gathering dusk. Cheered by this anticipation, and refreshed by the clear autumn air and sunshine, she forgot to brood over her troubles, and by the time she was threading her way home through the forest she was humming to herself one of the favorite peasant bridal songs.

But she stopped short in the middle of a verse, as, on turning round a great rock which the woodpath skirted, she heard other sounds, a kind of suppressed growling and struggling noise, whether of man or beast she could not at the moment tell. Not daring to go on, she crouched down to listen in a deep cleft, before which fell like a curtain, from the rock above, long trailers of the wild rose vine, tangled together with the mesh of the white clematis now just going out of blossom. Hardly was she ensconced when she heard a strange voice cry out:

"You shall bleed for this, *cochon!*"

"You first, though!" answered another voice, which, though hoarse with passion, struck with a certain familiarity on her ear. Then there was more of that indistinct struggling; a muttered curse, a dull groan, and then silence.

Marie shook like one of the leaves that hid her. Her first impulse was to flee for her life, but besides the risk of running unawares straight into the path of danger, something in the tones of that second voice held her bound with the desire to see something of the scene just past. Very cautiously parting the interwoven masses before her, she peered out in the direction of the sounds.

In a little rocky hollow below she saw two men, one lying prone on the ground, the other bending over him, with a knife in his hand on which one long line of light through the thinning trees played in a hundred little suns, till halfway down the sparkle was quenched in the red wet glow of something dripping slowly from the point. The dry twigs in Marie's stiffening fingers snapped and crackled, at which the man turned round, and, giving one keen, suspicious look upward, plunged into the thicket and disappeared: but not before Marie had seen, with the sun full upon it, the face of Pierre Lannes.

For a time the shock overpowered every other feeling, and she lay crouched there in a helpless misery, the cause of which she could hardly grasp. Then, tortured back into consciousness, she sat up, and, pressing her fingers on her throbbing eyeballs, tried to think connectedly of the horrible scene she had witnessed, of his share in it, and of her own. Yes, her own; for she could not doubt Pierre's object, with those words still fresh in her memory, which he had that morning spoken about making their marriage possible. Coming on this wayfarer in the heart of the great lonely wood, the devil had tempted him, and he had yielded. For her sake he was a murderer.

Then she sprang up suddenly at the thought that possibly the man was not dead. She did not believe, from what she had heard, that it had been Pierre's design at first to do more than despoil him, and it was that imprudent threat had forced him, for safety's sake, to silence his victim. It was but a minute's work, and what had been done in such haste had perhaps not been thoroughly done. From her heart

she prayed for this; for though they must be separated now, whatever the end, yet she could not in a moment forget her love for him, and the blessed chance that should have prevented his being a murderer in deed as in will would lift a terrible burden away.

But when, creeping with caught breath to the scene of the struggle, she looked down at the body lying motionless there, her hope died instantly. She saw at once that it was a corpse stiffening before her. The set face with its glazed and staring eyes, the lifeless members, the ghastly gash severing the throat, all bore witness of death. She stooped down and laid her hand above the heart, but she knew, before doing so, that it would never beat again. Rising, she saw a smear of blood on her finger, and, soaking through the matted leaves, a thin red stream was spreading to her very feet. Sickening in every nerve, and holding by the bushes for support, she tottered out of the still hollow, where something more than the shadow of coming night seemed to be settling down.

Her way led her past Farmer Lenormand's, but she did not pause now; and when she saw a figure inside the gate she turned her head away, and hurried on noiselessly. But Pierre had seen her, and came striding after, calling her name as he went.

She took a few steps in flight, then, remembering that he would be sure to overtake her, and anxious to get the meeting over, she stopped, and with a kind of dull wonder watched his approach. When they had parted that morning, his face had been clouded, and his step heavy; but now his face was bright, and he whistled as he came quickly along. The girl, who was waiting for him, remembered her mistress' insinuations, and asked herself what indeed should have been the past life of this man, who could carry so lightly that secret hidden yonder in the wood, the knowledge of which seemed already almost to have crushed out her own youth.

"Marie, my cabbage, why dost thou run from me?" said Pierre gaily, stretching out his hand as he came up. But she shrank away, putting out her basket between them.

"Do not touch me!" she cried. "And do not say thou again—that is over forever between us—"

"And why?" asked Pierre, whose face was dark enough now. "You have come to be of the father's mind, I suppose, and will not look at the poor lover while the rich one waits?"

"There is no talk of lovers," broke in Marie. "It is not a lover comes between us—that you know well!"

"I neither know it nor believe it," said Pierre, hotly. "You have made up your mind to throw me over; and that was why you passed me by just now without a look—and I, poor fool! must come running after to tell you of my hopes—what are my hopes to you? nothing—"

"Ah, no, no, no!" cried Marie, with a shudder—"never! never! there is a curse on them!"

"What do you say, Marie?" said Pierre, looking keenly in her agitated face. "Come," he resumed in a lighter tone, "you do not know of what you talk; you have fallen asleep on the way, and have had a bad dream—*hein?*"

"Holy Mother!" sobbed the girl, "I would it were a dream, what I saw on the way—that dead man and the bloody knife—and—and your face—yours!—" and renewed sobs choked her voice.

Pierre caught her sharply by the wrist. "What is it you mean?" he said, hoarsely (how like the voice sounded to what it had been in the wood!) "Speak out—you saw me?"

"In the wood an hour since, quarreling with a strange man—the knife in your hand was bloody—and he lies there—dead. Oh, Pierre!" with a quick change from her low, broken tones, "save yourself! I will be silent till you are out of reach—God forgive me! but it was for me you did it. Go! go! do not wait!"

"You saw me, then?" repeated Pierre, who, staring blankly at her, did not seem to have heard her words.

"As plainly as this' minute. But go, waste no more time here!"

The face of the victim he had left in the wood could hardly be whiter than the face of Pierre Lannes, and the tree on which he leaned shook as if a strong wind were passing through its branches. His eyes, mechanically fixed on Marie, seemed to look through her at some horror beyond, and he stood thus transfixed until roused by Marie's renewed entreaties. Then, with a wild look around, he cried:

"Yes, yes—while there is time—my God! if it is not already too late." He took one step away, then turning quickly—"Oh, it is hard!" said he, and caught her to his throbbing breast; then leaping over the roadside wall, ran over the plain and through the thicket like a hunted beast.

Marie forced back the tears from her eyes to watch him out of sight; then turned homeward, thankful for the dusk that aided his flight, and concealed those traces of her own agitation which she feared might betray him. It was well that old Madame Bonnard's eyes were none of the sharpest now, or they could hardly have failed to detect something amiss. As it was, after grumbling at her for being so dull, and for having brought back so little news from her long stay at Soucy, she dismissed her at an unusually early hour, declaring that she very much preferred her own company.

So did Marie, assuredly, but the consolation of solitude was denied her. All night she was haunted by spectres of the past horror; through all her dreams the dead man in the wood cried out for Christian burial; till, when the tardy morning broke, she felt that before the darkness should come again she must have rid herself of that awful nightmare.

Just beyond the village lived old Ménay, and some urgent family matter served Marie as an excuse for going again to Soucy. As soon as her afternoon's work was done, she set out in company with their nearest neighbor, old M. Durand's servant, whom she had easily prevailed upon to join her. It was another clear, beautiful day, and Suzanne's spirits, never very heavy, mounted with every step as she rustled through the leaf-heaped wood-path, chattering and laughing with a vehemence that frightened back into their holes the squirrels marauding for their winter stores. Marie forced herself to seem in the same light mood, though, with her senses strained to one thought, the girl's every burst of laughter almost made her scream. As they neared the fatal spot, feigning to search for a nut tree, she slipped through the bushes, followed by Suzanne, whose shriek a moment later, as she pushed on in advance, told that the discovery had been made. Then the two girls in trembling haste went running through the silent forest, undisturbed now by any light laughter, and so into the village, which in five minutes was ringing from end to end with the mysterious murder.

Little could be learned of the victim. On his body were found various nautical tattooings, and likewise a name—"Anatole Valmy"—from which it was conjectured that he was a sea-faring man strayed from some one of the coast towns. Beyond that there was not room even for conjecture; not a scrap of paper, not a morsel of evidence to give a hint: and so they buried the murdered Anatole Valmy—if indeed that name was his own—in a corner of the lonely little churchyard, and turned their attention to speculating on his possible murderer. And here they were more successful, Pierre Lannes' sudden disappearance affording a clue. No sooner was that fact known, than everybody recollected how they had always distrusted him as a penniless stranger, and had been perfectly sure he would come to no good, quite ignoring their general readiness to bow before his subsequent success. Even that success was now made to turn against him; for, it was argued, it was the desire to make up its loss that had brought his bloody hands into the pockets of that poor dead man yonder—though, for that matter, no doubt those same hands were ready enough to dip into any other pockets dead or alive, yours or mine, neighbor, just as it happened! From which there was not a single dissentient voice, except old Farmer Lenormand's, who, with a sage shake of his head, observed: "That for his part he did not pretend to see further with his eyes shut than other people, but 'twas hard guessing at colors in the dark, and likely more than one wolf abroad at midnight—" for which mystic utterance in behalf of his quondam servant, Marie Ménay impulsively kissed him on both withered cheeks, after which, flinging her apron over her face, she began to sob bitterly.

Public attention being thus turned toward her, the occasion was not suffered to pass unimproved.

"Look you now," commenced Tronson, the shoemaker, who considered himself to possess rather a remarkable gift of argument; "if murder has come of all this, Marie Ménay has got herself to thank for it. What call had she to take up with a rolling-stone, instead of a Soucy lad everybody knew from a sapling up? That's what comes of moving out of one's place, as I may say. What never budes never goes wrong; eh, neighbors?"

Most of his auditors evidently considered this an admirably drawn conclusion, and poor Marie could have no heart to reflect on the disastrous results to the world's general progress of the non-budging theory carried out to its logical sequence, for a part of Tronson's speech hit near enough to make her wince. Was she not, indeed, the indirect cause of this miserable deed, for had not Pierre committed it in the desperation of losing her? Well, they were quits now: he had stained his soul with blood for her sake; and she, for his, had taken on her life an inalienable burden, the secret of that blood that cried from the ground for vengeance. Pierre was out of reach, and her only care now must be to make no sign, when the gossips, in her presence, recalled the story of the murdered stranger who lay under the shadow of the tower in the little churchyard of Soucy.

From that time a great change made itself apparent in Marie. From a fresh, dimpled girl, with cheeks like the cherries on the great tree by the window, and a voice like the birds that sang as they pecked at them in the summer mornings, she grew a pale, listless creature, faithfully fulfilling, it is true, all the duties of her daily round, but in a silent, self-absorbed way. She had been, perhaps, the prettiest of all the pretty Soucy peasant girls, one to make a stranger involuntarily turn his head for another glance, but if anybody ever looked twice at her now, it was only to wonder at the settled apathy of so young a face. Marie herself knew very well that her beauty was gone, but wasted few sighs over it; nay, even felt it as a positive relief, inasmuch as it had rid her of the unwelcome Jean Ragniac, who had no notion of pressing his suit on such a white-faced mope as he considered Marie to have become. He soon married another, much to the wrath of old Ménay, who considered himself thereby pecuniarily defrauded, and who divided his indignation pretty equally between his daughter and the fickle swain. But before very long the old man was called to take up his abode where neither money-getting nor money-losing would trouble him any more: and Madame Bonnard also dying within the year, Marie, without any ties to bind her to Soucy, prepared to leave a place which had grown hateful to her.

She decided, in spite of the distance, or, perhaps, because of it—to go to Lautrière, where she had relatives. Through them she was fortunate in at once getting the place just then vacant in the curé's household, which she filled so satisfactorily that he would not have exchanged his pallid, silent servant for any within a circuit of fifty miles. Possibly the good man was a trifle prejudiced by the circumstance of his last "manager" having been a woman with so extraordinary a weapon of eloquence, that she neither could nor would suffer it to rest unused, and even found her reluctant master so insufficient a target that they had parted to their mutual contentment.

There was, indeed, small cause for complaint on that score of Marie, who seldom spoke without a necessity; seldom, save to mass and to market, went outside the garden gate, though her cousin's cottage was within an easy walk. Her fault, if fault there were, lay certainly in the opposite scale, for such extreme taciturnity and solitariness seemed hardly natural. And, indeed, natural to her they were not, but then Marie's whole nature appeared to have changed in the shock of two years ago. Whether she had lost all delight in that humankind, one of whose members had so deceived her hopes, or whether she still loved that one, and brooded over what might have been, the result was the same: she lived a still, colorless life; patient, faithful, charitable in her small way, but, so far as real intercourse went, dwelling among her fellow-creatures like a stranger in a strange land.

Every Saturday—for Lautrière was not large enough to hold two markets a week—Marie was accustomed to lay in the household stores, with a judgment, be it remarked, which while giving Père Sacheaud no change to desire in the domestic economy, left an unusual proportion of his small stipend free for parish needs. But just now, as it chanced, either from some error in Marie's calculation or because there had been an uncommon number of *maigre* days this week, the herbs which she used to give flavor to her master's "fasting-soups" were spent to the last pinch, while to-morrow would be *maigre* again. What to do? for they were scarcely to be procured except at market. Marie was at her wits' end, until she recollected to have heard that the Veuve Lalage, who lived down by the ford, had a fine assortment of herbs. So Marie, her afternoon's

work done, instead of settling down as usual to the knitting that kept the curé in good serviceable socks the year round, wrapped a shawl about her, tied a striped kerchief over her stiff white cap, and set forth, though the day was not one to tempt a pleasure-seeker abroad. But Marie, who for her own satisfaction hardly stirred beyond the garden wicket, for her master's would have walked twice as far and in twice as foul weather.

It was two years since she had taken that long, memorable walk through the Soucy woods, and, as then, autumn once more. But autumn with a difference. That season has days which disown its melancholy tradition, when the air flows with a visible sparkle between the strong sun in the sky and an earth overlaid with light, as if the gold and gems rooted underground had suddenly burst forth into leaf; when a leaven works in the wind that bubbles up again hot in the overflowing veins: such a day had that been: but to-day the wind was like a wild beast, bursting through the ragged hedges to go howling away over the plain, while the only visible skies were leaden masses, heaped and pressed together, till any sun beneath seemed an impossible dream. Even had there been sunshine, however, the answering gleam of the leafage would have been wanting; for Lautrière was not favored by Nature like Soucy: it lacked the great forests of oak and sycamore, the overhanging rocks dashed into light by water-threads scattering among the scarlet vines; instead, the village once passed, stretched a long, flat plain, with a pine-wood of close-growing stems on one side, and on the other a stream that crept dependently from group to group of dwarfed willows—a stream that, eminently commonplace in reality, as seen now, a gray mirror of a gray sky, was so suggestive of dreary, drowning fancies, that one almost feared to discover that the slow-moving weeds on the surface were long locks swept back from a dead upturned face.

Marie, however, had no time to waste on such fancies. Fighting with the blast that tore at her, she reached Veuve Lalage's cottage, and having succeeded in getting what she wanted, after a little breathing-time set out for home, the precious bundle of herbs safely bestowed in her basket.

Entering the house, she heard the curé's step overhead, and the next moment his voice called out: "Is it thou, Marie? Quick, my good girl, spice me a bowl of red wine for a sick stranger here."

Marie was well used to perform such offices, for no wayfarer, were he the veriest tramp, was ever turned away unwarmed or unfed from Père Sacheaud's door. The steaming wine was soon on its way to the chamber where the curé sat by the bed, his thin white fingers resting on a strong brown hand stretched over the side. He turned and beckoned her to place the bowl on the table beside him; as she did so she glanced through the half-drawn curtains at the occupant of the bed, and her face grew as colorless as that lying back on the pillow, for changed and worn and death-struck, she saw again the face which, save in her dreams, she had not looked upon for two long years—the face of Pierre Lannes.

The curé had been too much engaged to notice her agitation. He now called her to hold the sick man's head, while he administered the cordial. How the old time rushed back on her at the familiar touch, as she looked down on the closed eyes that would perhaps never look back at her! "Has he confessed?" she said involuntarily.

"Yes, poor sinner," answered the curé, murmuring to himself—"Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall become white as wool."

"Amen!" breathed Marie, chokingly.

The curé gave her a surprised glance. "Did you know him?" he asked.

"Yes, your Reverence," answered Marie, simply, "I knew him well years ago—Poor Pierre!"

"You mistake, Marie, this is not Pierre Lannes—"

The curé's words were interrupted, for the man, reviving somewhat, stirred and opened his eyes full on the faces bending over him, then closed them again with a feeble groan. And in that instant Marie had seen that they were not the sunny brown eyes of Pierre, into which she had so often looked, but strange eyes whose beautiful violet-blue depths were clouded, even in their dying weakness, with something threatening and treacherous.

She sank suddenly on her knees by the bedside, and held up her clasped hands to the curé appealingly.

"O Father!" she cried, "for the love of Heaven

and the Holy Virgin, tell me what that poor wretch has told you!"

"My daughter," answered the priest, mildly, "the seal of confession is sacred. Yet—" he paused, and looked thoughtfully toward the bed.

Marie rose impulsively, and with tender hands raised the dying man's head. "Pierre," she said, "dost thou know me? Speak—look at me—Pierre?"

He stirred at the name, and unclosing his eyes once more, stared round him. "Pierre!" he muttered, "who talks of Pierre?—I have confessed—Brother, forgive again—as—Brother!"—and then the restless lips were suddenly still, and the silence of death fell on the room.

Later, when the last offices of humanity had been rendered, and quiet was restored to the little household, Marie told her whole story to Père Sacheaud, who, in return, recognizing her right to the knowledge, disclosed to her the dying man's confession; so much of it, at least, as could concern her; for Death had lifted the veil from more than one black deed before covering them with his final shadow.

The man lying dead in the chamber above had crawled to the door in an almost fainting state, and begged for charity, saying that he had received a wound, and had since been for days without shelter, and almost without food. The curé, possessing no mean medical skill, and, indeed, nearly as used to doctor the bodies as the souls of his peasant parish, had seen at once that that frightful mortifying wound was hopeless, and prepared the stranger for a speedy end. Then had followed a confession of which the good priest could not speak without crossing himself, and one part of which ran as follows:

Some years before, Maurice Lannes, on his way to a town called Soucy, where he meant to see his brother, and get money of him, as he had frequently done before, fell in with a sailor, one Anatole Valmy, with whom he joined company on the journey. This man, growing talkative, told his fellow-traveler that he was just paid off from a long voyage, boasting of the large sum of money he had about him, and finally displaying it to convince his companion. They were then in the heart of a wood, and the sight there of the gold had been too strong a temptation for Maurice Lannes, who, flinging himself suddenly on the other, had succeeded in throwing him to the ground, Valmy breaking his leg in the fall. Then he (Maurice), possessing himself of the money, was about to go away, when the sailor uttered a threat that recalled him to the necessity, for safety's sake, of insuring silence. The man despatched, he had hurried from the neighborhood without seeking his brother, to whom, indeed, his recent booty now made it needless to apply. But Pierre must have seen him, he supposed, in the wood, for he had followed and overtaken him, and, hastening him by unfrequented ways from the country side, had never rested until half France was between them and the scene of the crime. Meantime Maurice had learned that the murder was known and charged to Pierre, who unhesitatingly accepted the obloquy, thinking to shield his brother, whom, so far from casting off, he now clung to more closely than before, entreating him only to give over his evil ways and companions, and remain in quiet with him, declaring that he would work for both. For a time Maurice had yielded to his brother's influence, but by-and-by, the devil in him—as he himself said—got the upper hand again, and one day he abandoned Pierre, whom he had never seen again.

"And I—I shall never see him again, either," here burst forth Marie. "The world is so wide!—oh, Pierre! I have deserved it—and I have lost you forever!"

"Not so, my daughter," said the priest, mildly rebuking her unaccustomed violence. "I know this worthy young man's place of abode." Marie clasped her hands and looked speechlessly in his face. "Yes," continued Père Sacheaud, "that poor sinful

wretch just gone to his account—may a God of mercy and not justice deal with him!—was most anxious that his brother should know he died repentant and confessing. Strange," added the father, with a thoughtful shake of the head, "the wrong he had done his brother seemed to weigh upon him more than the blood he had shed!"

And so Pierre was free from that weight of crime, free to come and go as he would, to come to her! To come to her? but no—she would go to him. The good curé must look out for some one else to flavor the soups and knit the stockings. Marie, once more the impulsive Marie of the old time, could not rest until she looked again in the trusty eyes, and held the honest hand, while she poured forth the confession of her error and her repentance.

Throughout the long journey she was perpetually rehearsing the scene at the end. Strangely enough, it was not till she set foot even within the village that held Pierre, that it occurred to her she might not find precisely the lover from whom she had

Marie's conscience gave a sting to his simple words. "And I should have known thee too well to wrong thee so. But I have suffered, Pierre! But I know all at last. Thy brother—"

"My brother! what of him?" He dropped her hands, and the light left his face. "Where is he?" He read aright her hesitation. "He is dead! not—not on the—"

"No, no!" cried Marie, as his shaking voice refused to finish the sentence. "He died in peace—in the house of my good master, who confessed and absolved him—with his head on my arm, and thy name on his last breath, Pierre!"

"God bless thee for that, Marie!" cried Pierre, wringing her hands in his eagerness. "Look you, Marie Ménay," he went on almost fiercely, "here below he would have had no mercy, but the good God knows the weakness of his creatures, and he will give him a chance—my poor Maurice!"

Marie did not say that the removal of Maurice would at last give Pierre himself a chance; but if she thought it, it is no great wonder. What she did say was this:

"And thou couldst leave me to think such a thing of thee—without a word of comfort! Surely thou might have trusted me, Pierre?"

Pierre shook his head. "It was hard parting, Marie, but I could not betray my twin-brother—no, not even to thee!"

That had been the care of Pierre Lannes' whole life—his twin-brother. His care in a double sense, for the sacrifices he was continually making had been repaid only by anxiety. Maurice had troubled himself with few exertions on his own account, at least in the way of honest labor: an adventurous, hand-to-mouth sort of existence suited him much better; besides, he knew that, so long as his brother had a piece of copper left he would be welcome to the largest half of it. More than once or twice had Pierre devoted his small savings to assist Maurice, but it had always been like dropping money into a well. At last, Maurice professing himself tired of a vagabond life, Pierre, at the cost of almost his last sou, set him up in a good situation, and himself went away in search of fortune. For a time all went so well with Maurice, who was capable enough when he chose, that Pierre, believing his trials over at last, ventured to betroth himself. But after some months, the novelty worn off, and the routine become unendurable, the prodigal threw up his employment, and set off for Soucy, to ask help of his brother again. Of this visit Pierre would have known nothing but for Marie's rencontre in the wood, hearing of which his fears instantly divined who had been mistaken for himself. Guessing what town Maurice was likely to make for, he had followed and overtaken him,

guiding him out of danger by the least traveled ways, as his knowledge of the country enabled him to do. Then in a lonely region far removed from the scene of the murder, the brothers had dwelt together, until Maurice's sudden departure; Pierre would have followed him again, save that, left without a clew, he knew not whether to turn to north or south, east or west.

But it was ended at last; all the toil, the trouble, the anxiety. Maurice Lannes was at rest, and Pierre could take heart to rest too. Marie would have liked to go back to Soucy and clear his name of the stain upon it, but to this Pierre would not listen. What was past was past; the good God be praised, the same sun shone all over France, and there were plenty of other places where the friendly soil would repay one's care! And so Pierre had his way: and to this day the people of Soucy have never known that, far from her birth-place, Marie Ménay goes singing about her neat little house, with the same cherry cheeks that used to tempt the village lads. Only now she is Marie Lannes, and the youngster she rocks in the cradle yonder opens at her the big brown eyes of Pierre Lannes, the favorite ogre of Soucy fireside gossip. —Kate Putnam Osgood.



"Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,"

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

parted. What right had she to expect him to remain faithful to the memory of one who could cast him off under so hideous a suspicion? How did she know that some other did not fill the place she had forfeited? Visions of Pierre married and happy, smiling down into answering eyes, came to torment her, and, but that the curé had entrusted to her telling the story of Maurice Lannes, she would almost have been ready to turn back at the very goal. But all these doubts and misgivings were dashed away suddenly by a great heart-beat, at sight of a familiar figure coming slowly along the road toward her. She made one step forward, and stopped, her eyes fixed on him, but her feet refusing to stir. He looked up, and in his turn stood still, then came on with swift strides, and caught her by both hands, crying:

"Marie! Marie Ménay!—is it thou indeed?"

"Dost thou know me again, Pierre? I am so changed," said Marie, between laughing and crying, for the first time remembering with regret her lost beauty.

"It is true," replied Pierre, whose eyes were anxiously perusing her face, "but what one knows by heart, seest thou, one does not so easily mistake."



NEW POST OFFICE, CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY H. LOVIE.

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POE'S EARLY POEMS.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was so given to mystification (to use the mildest phrase), that any and every statement made by him, in regard to himself and his writings, should be received with caution. He made a mistake of two years in the date of his birth, and was believed; to counterbalance this, he stated correctly the place of his nativity—Boston, and was not believed. It is doubtful whether he was ever in Russia, or, indeed, anywhere on the Continent after his return from England when a child; and it is certain that he did not resign, but was expelled, from West Point. It may seem hard to say so, but he was not to be believed. A striking instance of his untruth occurs in a Note prefixed to the section of his Poetical Works, headed "Poems Written in Youth," which reads as follows: "Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim*, without alteration from the original edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged." With Poe's private reasons I have nothing to do, though I have my opinion about them. That he was seriously accused of plagiarism when that Note was written I have my doubts: also, that the date of Tennyson's first poems was one of the reasons which induced him to reprint his own first poems. But were they his first poems—were they, as he claimed, the crude compositions of his earliest boyhood? They were not printed till he was twenty, the date of his first volume being 1829, and the date of his second volume, which is an enlargement and reprint of this, 1831. These dates, so far from being "too remote," were not remote enough to suit his purpose, which was to pass himself off as a youthful prodigy. But are these poems (whatever the date at which they were written)—are they really reprinted *verbatim*, as he wrote, the Italics being his own? They are not. The sonnet "To Science," for example, which opens "Poems Written in Youth," does not stand now as it did when it was first printed. The line which now reads

"Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,"

read in the first and second editions of his Poems,

"The gentle Naiad from her fountain flood?"

The concluding couplet, too, which now reads,

"The Elfín from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?"

read originally in both editions,

"The elfin from the green grass? and from me
The summer dream beneath the shrubbery?"

These certainly are not *verbatim* reprints, though they answer well enough for *variorum* ones. I pass "Al Aaraaf" and "Tamerlane," which I have not compared carefully, and come to the poem entitled "Romance," which is christened "Preface" in the first edition, and which is not reprinted without changes. It was changed materially in the second edition.

INTRODUCTION.

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,
With drowsy head and folded wing,
Among the green leaves as they shake
Far down within some shadowy lake,
To me a painted parrot
Hath been—a most familiar bird—
Taught me my alphabet to say—
To lisp my very earliest word
While in the wild-wood I did lie
A child—with a most knowing eye.

Succeeding years, too wild for song,
Then roll'd like tropic storms along,
Where, tho' the garish lights that fly
Dying along the troubled sky,
Lay bare, thro' vistas thunder-riven,
The blackness of the general Heaven,
That very blackness yet doth fling
Light on the lightning's silver wing.

For, being an idle boy lang syne,
Who read Anacreon, and drank wine,
I early found Anacreon rhymes
Were almost passionate sometimes—
And by strange alchemy of brain
His pleasures always turn'd to pain—
His naivete to wild desire—
His wit to love—his wine to fire—
And so, being young and dipt in folly
I fell in love with melancholy,
And used to throw my earthly rest
And quiet all away in jest—

I could not love except when Death
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath—
Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny
Were stalking between her and me.

O, then the eternal Condor years
So shook the very Heavens on high,
With tumult as they thundered by;
I had no time for idle cares,
Thro' gazing at the unquiet sky!
Or if an hour with calmer wing
Its down did on my spirit fling,
That little hour with lyre and rhyme
To while away— forbidden thing!
My heart half fear'd to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the string.

But now my soul hath too much room—
Gone are the glory and the gloom—
The black hath mellow'd into grey,
And all the fires are fading away.

My draught of passion hath been deep—
I revell'd, and I now would sleep—
And after-drunkenness of soul
Succeeds the glories of the bowl—
An idle longing night and day
To dream my very life away.

But dreams—if those who dream as I,
Aspiringly, are damned, and die:
Yet should I swear I mean alone,
By notes so very shrilly blown,
To break upon Time's monotone,
While yet my vapid joy and grief
Are tintless of the yellow leaf—
Why not an imp the greybeard hath,
Will shake his shadow in my path—
And even the greybeard will o'erlook
Connivingly my dreaming-book.

"Fairy Land" is substantially the same in the first and last editions, but much enlarged in the second.

"Sit down beside me, Isabel,
Here, dearest, where the moonbeam fell
Just now so fairy-like and well.
Now thou art dressed for paradise!
I am star-stricken with thine eyes!
My soul is loling on thy sighs!
Thy hair is lifted by the moon
Like flowers by the low breath of June!
Sit down, sit down—how came we here?
Or is it all but a dream, my dear?"

You know that most enormous flower—
That rose—that what d'y'e call it—that hung
Up like a dog-star in this bower—
To-day (the wind blew, and) it swung
So impudently in my face,
So like a thing alive you know,
I tore it from its pride of place
And shook it into pieces—so
Be all ingratitude requited.
The winds ran off with it delighted,
And, thro' the opening left, as soon
As she threw off her cloak, yon moon
Has sent a ray down with a tune.

And this ray is a *fairy* ray—
Did you not say so, Isabel?
How fantastically it fell
With a spiral twist and a swell,
And over the wet grass rippled away
With a tinkling like a bell!
In my own country all the way
We can discover a moon ray
Which thro' some tattered curtain pries
Unto the darkness of a room,
Is by (the very source of gloom)
The moths, and dust, and flies,
On which it trembles and lies,
Like joy upon sorrow!
O, when will come the morrow?
Isabel! do you not fear
The night and the wonders here?
Dim vales! and shadowy floods!
And cloudy-looking woods
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over!

Huge moons—see! wax and wane
Again—again—again—
Every moment of the night—
Forever changing places!
How they put out the starlight
With the breath from their pale faces!

Lo! one is coming down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence!
Down—still down—and down—
Now deep shall be—O deep!
The passion of our sleep!
For that wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Drowsily over halls—
Over ruin'd walls—
Over waterfalls,
(Silent waterfalls!)
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Alas! over the sea!"

The second volume of Poe's poems, which was dedicated to the U. S. Corps of Cadets, opens with a long rambling letter, dated West Point, 1831, and addressed to "Dear B—," who was understood by Poe's associates to mean Bulwer, the novelist. It is, I believe, the earliest specimen of Poe's prose extant, and it is curious as an indication of his critical opinions, which were not favorable to the Lake School of poets. A few paragraphs may interest his admirers:

"Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study—not a passion—it becomes the metaphysician to reason—but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years; the one imbued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in intellect and learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority would be overwhelming, did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination—intellect with the passions—or age with poetry.

'Trifles, like straws, upon the surface show,
He who would search for pearls must dive below,'

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought, not in the palpable palaces where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well: witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy; witness the principles of our divine faith—that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man.

"Poetry, above all things, is a beautiful painting, whose tints, to minute inspection, are confusion worse confounded, but start boldly out to the cursory glance of the connoisseur.

"We see an instance of Coleridge's liability to err in his 'Biographia Litteraria'—professedly his literary life and opinions, but, in fact, a treatise *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*. He goes wrong by reason of his very profundity, and of his error we have a natural type in the contemplation of a star. He who regards it directly and intently sees, it is true, the star, but it is the star without a ray—while he who surveys it less inquisitively is conscious of all for which the star is useful to us below—its brilliancy and its beauty.

"As to Wordsworth, I have no faith in him. That he had, in youth, the feelings of a poet, I believe—for there are glimpses of extreme delicacy in his writings—and delicacy is the poet's own kingdom—his *El Dorado*—but they have the appearance of a better day recollected; and glimpses, at best, are little evidence of present poetic fire—we know that a few straggling flowers spring up daily in the crevices of the Avalanche.

"He was to blame for wearing away his youth in contemplation with the end of poetizing in his manhood. With the increase of his judgment the light which should make it apparent has faded away. His judgment, consequently, is too correct. This may not be understood, but the old Goths of Germany would have understood it, who used to debate matters of importance to their State twice, once when drunk, and once when sober—sober, that they might not be deficient in formality—drunk, lest they should be destitute of vigor."

He concluded "this long rigmarole," as he called it, with the following statement of his poetic faith: "A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science, by having, for its *immediate object*, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained: romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness."

I have quoted enough from Poe's early poems to show that he did not reprint them *verbatim*, as he pretended; in fact, that he did not reprint them at all. I might quote others which he has entirely omitted from his collected works—and may do so in a future paper—but I have quoted enough to satisfy his warmest admirers that no statement of his can be depended on. It is a pity; for when we discover that a writer fibs—but as the spirit of Mrs. Opie appears to guide my pen, I will write no more.

—Frank Jocelyn.

THE PINE MARTEN.

MARY HOWITT, in one of her pleasant sylvan poems, draws a delightful picture of creature life in the woods undisturbed by the presence of man. It was like the Garden of Eden before the fall. The birds sang sweetly in the topmost boughs; the squirrels frisked and chattered underneath; and all was joy and peace in the happy household of nature. Suddenly, man's unlovely apparition sent terror and silence through the wood. The birds cowered under sheltering twigs, or took flight; the squirrels fled nimbly to their holes. Not until "man" had departed did the wood resume its cheerfulness and peaceful aspect.

In her haste to point a moral against the human part of creation, the genial poetess gave an entirely false idea of creature life in the woods. The peace and tranquillity which she so beautifully describes, exists only in her imagination. Sylvan life is an interminable war of species. Her dear little birds that warble so sweetly in the greenwood shade, are truculent little wretches, always fighting among themselves, and never at peace with their neighbors. Let one of her squirrels make a call at the homestead of another, and see what a nice reception he would have! Besides, the smaller birds and four-footed creatures live in constant terror of the birds and beasts of prey, which are far more dangerous foes than man. There are the owl and the hawk among birds, the weasel and the pine marten among the smaller beasts of prey, rapacious, blood-thirsty, implacable. The latter is especially the terror of the places which it haunts. Agile, quick-sighted, untiring, it always hunts its victim to the death.

Our illustration on this page records an incident witnessed by two artist-naturalists, Adolf and Karl Müller, in a pine forest in Germany. They were standing under a huge pine tree, when a rustle overhead drew their attention to a pair of young squirrels disporting among the boughs. For a long time the two naturalists watched their graceful motions, hardly daring to move hand or foot, or even to speak

in whispers, lest they should disturb the pretty actors in their sylvan theatre. But there was another spectator. On the projecting limb of a neighboring tree crouched a pine marten, whose keen eyes were fixed upon his unconscious victims. Suddenly he gave a mighty spring, and landed right between the pair. In terror they leaped from the branch, springing and

and down that one, sprang from limb to limb, and doubled on his track a hundred times in the vain attempt to elude his pitiless enemy. He dared not stop an instant. Instinct warned him that concealment was impossible. The marten could follow into any place of refuge large enough to admit a squirrel. Gradually the poor creature's pace became slower,

his springs less frequent and more feeble, and the space between pursuer and pursued grew less and less. As a last resort the squirrel climbed a tall tree, followed closely by the eager pine marten. From the very topmost branch he made a desperate spring to another tree, over quite a wide space, luckily caught a twig and clambered up. His pursuer, attempting the same leap, fell short and tumbled to the ground. This gave the hunted squirrel a new chance, and he made the most of it, springing from tree to tree with renewed strength and agility. The pine marten, undiscouraged, and apparently unhurt by the fall, commenced the chase anew; but the two brothers thought the time had come to interfere in favor of the poor creature which had made such a sturdy fight for life, and raising a shout they so startled the blood-thirsty pursuer that he cowered down on a branch and allowed the squirrel to go on his way in peace and rejoicing.

The pine marten is indeed an indefatigable sportsman, generally choosing the dusk of early evening for his excursions. Then he may often be seen reconnoitering among the branches, now surprising a little bird that has just quietly settled on its nest, now

swinging from limb to limb, until they reached the ground, a distance of between seventy and eighty feet, followed by their agile enemy. The moment they touched the earth they separated, one flying up one tree, the other one at a short distance off. But the pine marten was not to be foiled. He had singled out his victim, and his attention was not to be diverted by common tricks; for the marten is said to regard squirrels as a peculiar delicacy, and accordingly he hunts them with untiring pertinacity. In this instance the pursued squirrel made the most extraordinary efforts to escape. He ran up this tree

pouncing on a squirrel returning to its snug hollow, and sometimes even daring to attack young deer, but this chiefly in the winter season when pressed by hunger. In the case of such large game the pine marten's mode of attack is to drop from an overhanging bough on his victim's neck, and fasten teeth and claws into the soft flesh. The terrified creature starts off at full run, but rarely succeeds in shaking off the sharp-toothed persecutor without losing a large piece of its flesh, and enough blood at least to quench the marten's thirst, which, as may well be imagined, is not easily satisfied.



THE PINE MARTEN.—DEIKER.

THE DRUSENFALL.

THE beautiful waterfall shown in our illustration on this page, forms one of the principal attractions of the romantic forest of Thuringia—famed in poetry and art for unrivaled picturesque variety of scenery. We are not, however, indebted to nature for this beautiful cascade, but to art. Originally the stream which now leaps so wildly over the edge of the precipitous cliff, found its way, in tame and timid windings, to the level of the valley. An ingenious gentleman, viewing the scene so artistically depicted here, conceived the idea that a cascade would make an admirable addition to its charms. Skillful engineers soon solved the question as to the feasibility of the project; and now an artificial channel conducts the waters of the quiet stream to this romantic jumping-off place, where they dash over the rocks quite as picturesquely as if Nature herself had designed the cascade. As a practically minded exile of Erin remarked, when his attention was directed to the water pouring over the rocks at Niagara, "What's to hinder?" It is not often, to be sure, that the engineer can be commended as a rival of Nature in the manufacture of scenery; but in this instance, we think, no one could wish the Drusenbach to return to its dull and unromantic course.

Excellent taste and judgment were shown in selecting the locality and arranging the details of this cascade. The spot itself is one of the most beautiful in the whole valley, which is here quite narrow, with high banks of diversified and picturesque forms. The grand mass of rock which rears itself in front of the waterfall adds greatly to the attractiveness of the scene. We might imagine it to be the petrified form of some ancient giant, seated there in everlasting repose; and the curious resemblance to a human head, which may be traced in the upper portion of the mass, assists the imagination, and almost makes it real. This fancied resemblance is one of the great attractions of the place to tourists in general. For one person who will go a mile to see something beautiful in nature, a hundred will go twenty miles to see something odd

or monstrous. Every collection of photographic views from the White Mountains, or any other picturesque and romantic region, will be sure to contain the "Old Man of the Mountain," the "Indian's Head," or something of the kind; and though there is no beauty in the thing itself, while the resemblance to the human face or form is of the faintest descrip-

an inscription a thousand years old the gentleman would not have prized it more highly.

But, apart from all nonsense and false taste of this sort, the Drusenfall is very attractive from its height, volume, and picturesqueness. We might admire it, if it possessed no other attractions, for the same reason that a simple-minded old lady from New England admired the long Suspension Bridge at Niagara more than the Falls; because, as she naively remarked, "God made *them*, and it wasn't much for God to do; but I never shall cease admiring how mortal man could 'a' made that bridge!"

The case is of course different if one looks at the cascade from a poetical point of view, as one contemplates a bit of old castle wall; a broken arch, under which knights and ladies rode a thousand years ago, or any other relic of olden times, whose power of impressing the mind is entirely derived from association. But it is very foolish in the presence of a beautiful object, either of art or nature, to worry oneself with such reflections. If the object is beautiful, enjoy its beauty; if beautiful and adorned with lovely associations and rich in suggestiveness, so much the better; but do not let the absence of these destroy a pleasure which is legitimate. It is best not to look too closely into what gives us enjoyment; but just enjoy it, as children do the little things that make up their daily life. The most ardent worshiper of nature may surely admire the Drusenfall, and thank the genius to which we are indebted for this addition to the beauty of the Drusenthal.



THE DRUSENFALL, THURINGIA.—BAUER.

tion, we shall generally find these pictures more highly prized than those of the most beautiful scenes. Not long since the writer of this was looking over a really fine collection of Rocky Mountain photographs, when the owner called attention to a remarkably picturesque view, with some large rocks in the near foreground. "You would never guess why I value that more than any other picture in the collection," he remarked; "take this glass, and see if you can make out those characters." It was a patent-medicine advertisement, painted in letters ten feet long, on the surface of a smooth cliff! Had it been

MAY.

Why did the snow keep falling?
What did the March winds say?
And why, when Earth was a-flowering,
Was April showering, and showering?
I know—I know to-day!

The apple blossoms have told me,
And the twinkling dew on the spray:
They wanted to change their places,
And, putting on shining faces,
To be the beautiful May!

—Henry Richards.



THE PACIFIC HOTEL.

NEW CHICAGO.

THE great fire of October 9th, 1871, in twenty hours of conflagration destroyed 18,000 buildings, and left Chicago without a public structure of any kind; without a hotel, newspaper office, or place of amusement. It rendered 80,000 people homeless on the verge of winter; it cost a loss of \$200,000,000 of property; and it shook the world's systems of Fire Insurance to their foundations. But this event was matched by the splendid flow of the world's generous aid which was instantly outpoured, and with results that were worth untold millions to the stricken city, though the donation itself was told in millions. The world said to Chicago, "Go on, and re-build; we will take care of your stripped and shelterless ones." And Chicago has re-built, and the great re-building stands. May it outlast generations as the noblest monument of the great fire!

Chicago had been a city of rapid growth. There were active men in her streets, and are to-day, who saw her ragged and marshy prairie dotted only with a few cabins sparsely surrounding the rude palisades and log constructions of Fort Dearborn. Her growth had been rapid for three decades, but not until within the last fifteen years had her structures begun to bear a metropolitan character. There was great irregularity in her improvements, and a blending of new and old. The tall blocks of stone and marble stood interspersed with the wooden and brick erections of her early day. Scarcely a street, even in her best centre, but bore this mixed character, so tenacious of life are cheap structures, when a rental has been once established. Years hence, but for the fire, it would have been possible to point out in Chicago the low wooden taverns and cheap brick stores of her village days. These all passed away in the same devastation that swept in the common ruin every evidence of her best growth in the business blocks and public edifices that had made Chicago notable the world over.

To the men of to-day, in Chicago, it was given to test the recuperative energies of their city in an undertaking from which the boldest shrunk, and which was viewed from abroad as a work which must wear out the present generation of men. We do not suppose the most hopeful ventured to predict that restoration could be accom-

plished in less than ten years. It has been done in a single season. It was estimated at the close of the building season of 1872, that the re-building progressed at the fabulous rate of *one completed structure in every hour of the twenty-four*, for the entire period.

To-day Chicago sees her former centre more than restored, in the number and character of its buildings, and the area widened by many squares, now lined with tall blocks where the fire found only the small structures of the early day. The present business accommodations of the city far exceed those

strengthened and enhanced. The fire attested the outside world's confidence in Chicago, and her citizens have fallen to work and justified that confidence. It is more of a source of wonder in Chicago, among her citizens, than it can be among her visitors. The former know what has been; they saw the old city, looked out upon the square miles of ruin and desolation that existed nineteen months ago, and now they go strangely about a city as new to them as to their guests—the new-comer and the resident of thirty years alike bewildered by its novelty. It is a careful estimate that \$50,000,000 were expended in the re-built business structures of Chicago in the period we have named, chiefly in central locations, and with a view to the heart of the centre of business.

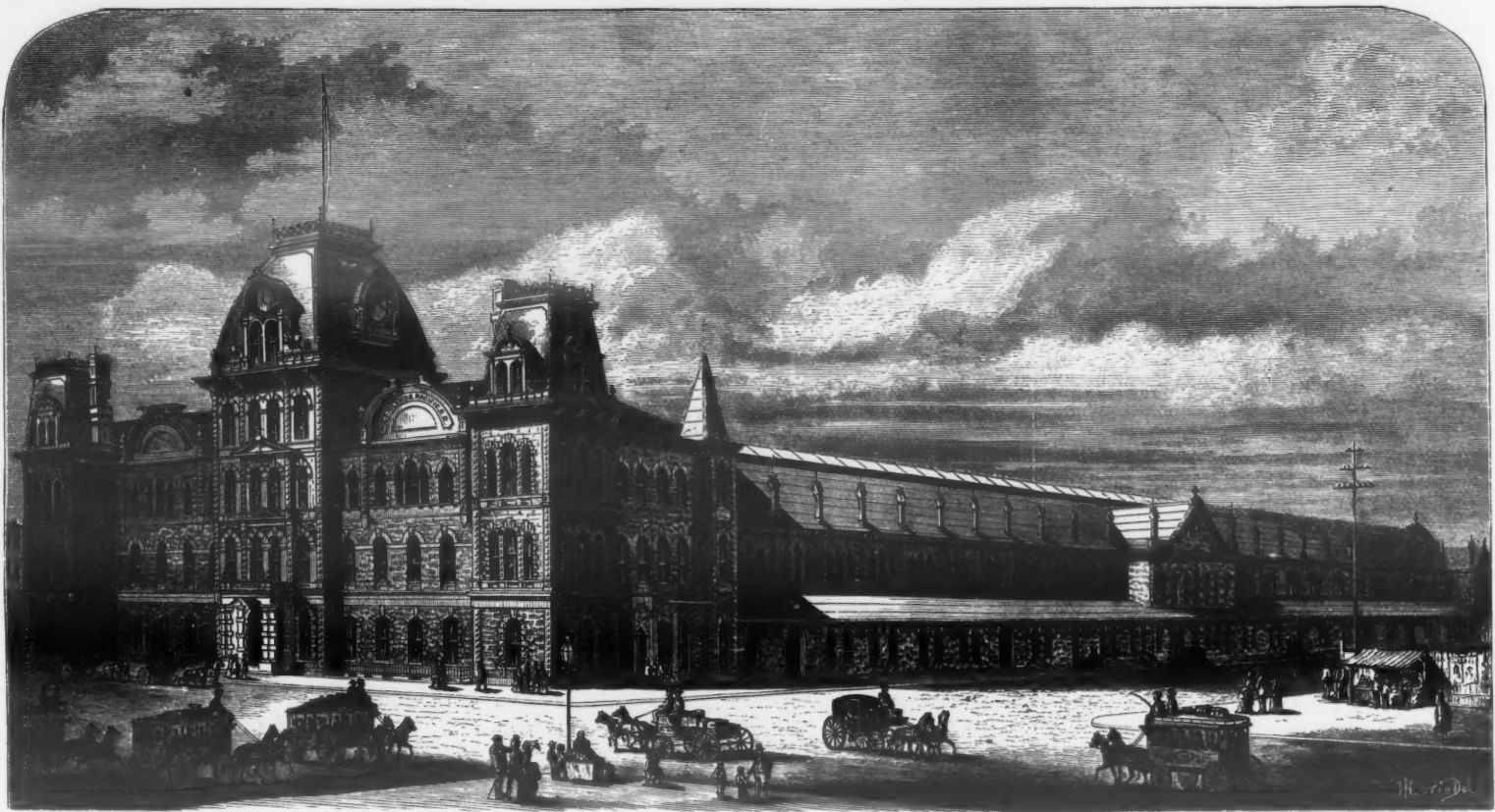
It is the character of this re-building that we are to show; and the illustrations in the present number of *THE ALDINE* save us many paragraphs of description. Let us commence with the statement of a few general facts, established on the best evidence. The instances are less than half a dozen, where the succeeding structure is not better and more costly than that which preceded it. The materials of the re-building are wonderfully varied, and, in general, carefully chosen. The yellow sandstones of Northern Ohio; the darker olive-tinted sandstones from the vicinity of Cincinnati; red sandstone from Lake Superior, and Oswego Falls, New York; and, noticeably, the fine limestones of Illinois, whose pearly hue was so common in former Chicago structures. All shades and varieties of the choicest brick—the straw-colored of Milwaukee, and the cherry red of Philadelphia and Baltimore, have been liberally employed. And yet the chief and larger portion of the restoration is wrought in stone. Iron has been very little used. Decorative effects on the materials employed have been secured, to a notable extent, by polished granites employed in columns and pilasters, and in some cases rich variegated marble has been inwrought to give a striking character to a business front. The architects of Chicago have wrought with a will, in a field never before opened to their skill and professional rivalry with such liberality in area and generosity of demand.

It would be easy to write a volume on architecture, among the fresh façades that rise for miles along the streets of New Chicago. We only seek by a few



"TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

before the fire. Trade has been carried into new quarters. Values of real estate have been equalized, and the marketable value of every foot of real estate in the city and its surroundings has been actually



MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AND ROCK ISLAND PASSENGER DEPOT.

specimens to bring the result before the eyes of the readers of *THE ALDINE*. The structures we present will tell their own story. The largest, and in its class the most remarkable, is the noble edifice that the General Government is erecting, to occupy an entire double square, bounded by Clark, Jackson, Dearborn and Adams streets—Quincy Street having been obliterated. It will cost between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000, and is designed to accommodate the Post Office,—Chicago being now the second great point of mail distribution,—the Revenue Offices, and the Federal Courts. The material is the Buena Vista sandstone of Southern Ohio, a dark olive tint, well suited to the massive character of the building. Mr. Mullett, the architect, has made the design a work of loving pride. It will be finished in 1876.

Opposite the Government Building towers a worthy neighbor, the Grand Pacific Hotel, the largest hotel structure in the world, occupying a square bounded by Clark, LaSalle, Jackson, and Quincy streets, an area of over 60,000 square feet, seven stories in height. It was nearly completed at the time of the fire, and has been re-built on a still better scale. It will represent, when finished and furnished, a value of nearly \$3,000,000. The fronts on three streets, an extent of 750 feet, rising 104 feet from the street grade, are in Amherst sandstone. Before the present number of *THE ALDINE* reaches its readers, Messrs. Gage Brothers & Rice, the lessees of the Grand Pacific, for twenty years, will have opened its doors to their guests. The Grand Pacific is the largest one of fifteen new hotel structures of the better grade that are to make Chicago, next to New York, the hotel city of the continent.

Two blocks distant from the Pacific now stands completed one of four noble depot structures, that are to give character to Chicago as a great railroad centre. The others are to be built in this and the next season. The great Passenger Depot of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, will attract great attention. It is 600 feet in length by 180 in width. The two great corporations uniting in its erection link Omaha with Buffalo by their connected lines, and their great structure at Chicago is in keeping with the general excellence secured in every department of their outfit and operation. Both these magnificent lines of road are representative of the initial spirit which carried the railroad from the older railroad system of the East into the region be-

yond the Lakes, and thence through the great interior to the Pacific. The Michigan Southern was the first line to reach Chicago from the East in 1852. Five years later the Great Rock Island Excursion signaled finely the event of the completion of that line to the Mississippi River.

One of the most admired buildings in Chicago is the Chamber of Commerce, erected, at a cost of \$350,000, for the use of the Board of Trade. It may be said that this structure had more to do than any other with the style and extent of the great re-building of which it struck the key-note. It was commenced as soon as the heated ruins could be handled, and was finished in time to observe, in its opening, the first

being the grand hall, 90 feet by 136, occupied for 'Change purposes. Here assemble every day, from their offices in the building and its vicinity, the produce dealers of Chicago and the Northwest, and handle the great staples of the region. The architect, Mr. John C. Cochran, had already given the Northwest, in the new Capitol buildings of Illinois and Iowa, two of the finest structures of their class in the United States.

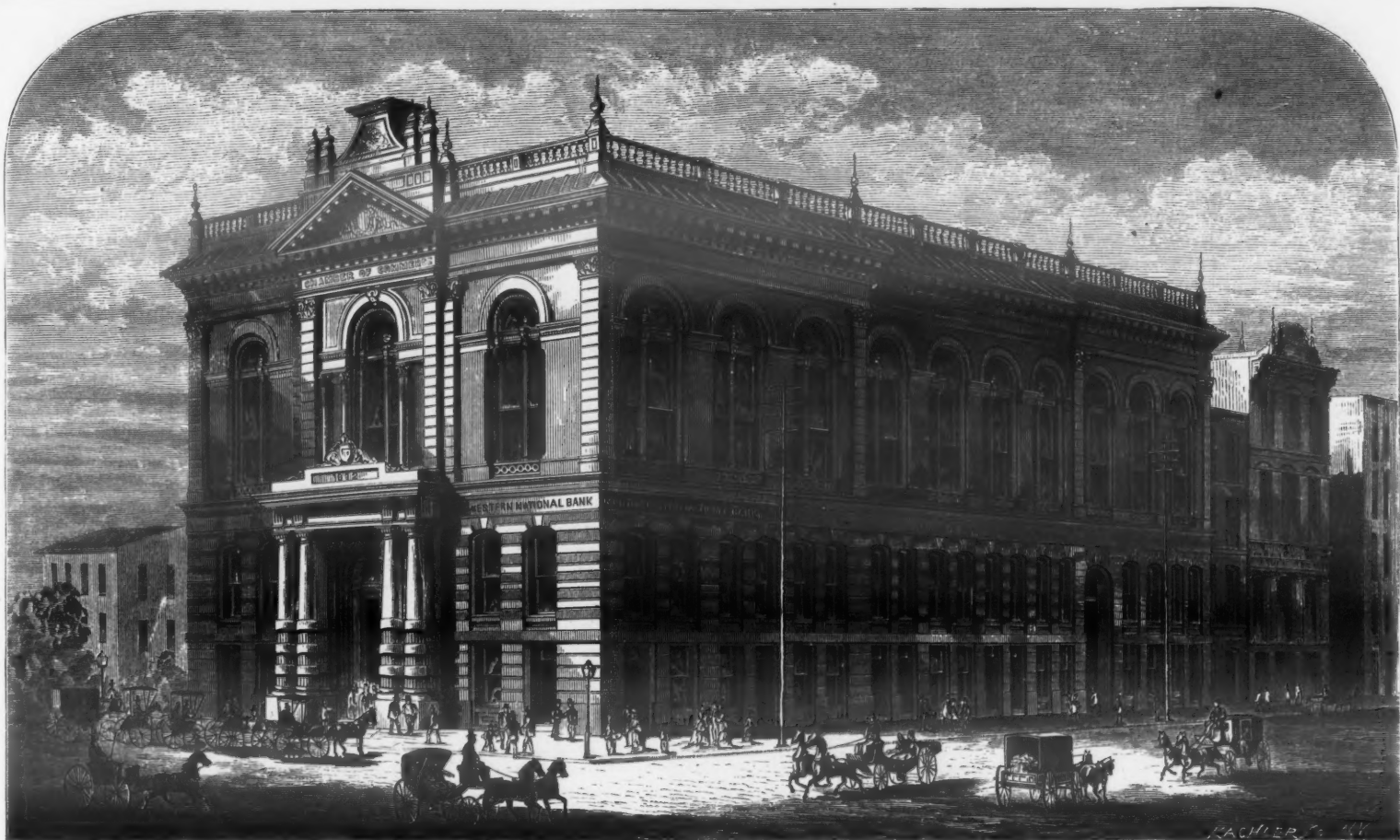
The local press of Chicago bore a noble share in the courage and temper of their city in its hour of distress, struggle, and triumph. The splendid buildings that are the newspaper homes of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Chicago *Times*, well deserve a place in our illustrations of the New Chicago. The former is on the old site, at the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets, where stood the fire-proof *Tribune* building that so long and gallantly opposed the progress of the fire. The re-built structure is in the rich red sandstone of Lake Superior, the newspaper business premises occupying the first floor and basement, the editorial and composing rooms being on the fifth floor. The building, which was re-occupied on the anniversary of the fire, is fire-proof, with iron girders, corrugated iron ceilings, iron lath, and English tile floors throughout, with steam-driven elevators for passengers and general use. The whole property represents a value of nearly half a million dollars. The *Times* building occupies the corner of Washington Street and Fifth Avenue, and is a complete and costly establishment, the material of the fronts being Ohio sandstone. The press of Chicago is prosperous, and deservedly so, for their enterprise has helped and shared the best fruits of the growth of their city. The new *Journal* building has a richly elaborated front of sandstone. The *Staats Zeitung*, the old and prosperous German newspaper, has just finished its new premises, worthily in keeping with those named more in detail.

New Chicago stands, to-day, just entering upon her new stage of growth. She has literally been tried by fire, and the accompanying illustrations will, from the representative specimens of her re-building, attest the character of her new structures. But nothing but an actual visit thither can give an adequate idea of the spirit and enterprise that have wrought these results, and will justify them by the extent of business and the development of varied industries, that will make even the Chicago of to-day but the germ and first outline of what she is to be.

—Henry M. Smith.



"TIMES" BUILDING.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

WHAT SHALL WE NAME THE BABY?

THE name of a baby is a question of great importance to a young married couple, and worthy, no doubt, of the serious consideration that is generally bestowed upon it. As practical Mrs. Glass remarked, in her famous recipe for dressing a hare, "First catch your hare," we venture to hint that it is necessary to first have your baby. This trifle having been attended to, the naming of the little darling is next in order. We will suppose, if you please, that it is a tiny representative of the softer and fairer sex, and that it has a host of aunts, and grand-aunts, and female cousins, and, at least, one grandmother. It will have the last, anyhow; for if its papa's mother is not alive, its mamma's mother—the dreadful mother-in-law—is, and is likely to continue so. Its papa is sure of that,—much surer than its mamma, who thinks her mother delicate, and who intends, if she can, to perpetuate the name of the old lady in the person of the young one. The three are together—not the mother-in-law, and the happy papa and mamma, don't suppose it—but the two last, and the baby. Baby is in the cradle, sound asleep, so papa and mamma begin:

She. What shall we name her, John?

He. Let me see. What do you think of Margaret Ann? (He has a sister of that name.)

She. I think we might find a shorter name, dear.

He. Yes; Ann alone would be shorter.

She. No child of ours ought to be an article, love.

He. An article?

She. Of course. Isn't *an* an article—the indefinite article? See your Lindley Murray.

He. As you were about to say, Mary, it is important that we should not only give the child a good name—one that she will like, herself, when she grows up—but the right name—the one that will indicate and suit her temperament—her character. The ancients, as I told you once, were very particular in naming their children.

She. Did you, dear? Then I must have forgotten it.

He. Very likely; you have so much to think about now. Hear what Paracelsus says: "It behoveth one to be wary in choosing a name for his offspring; since it hath been proven by Avicenna and Averroes, among the Arabians, as well as by those renowned leeches of antiquity, Galen and Hippocrates, that there is a peculiar virtue in some names, the wearers whereof are ever fortunate and prosperous, while certain others cast a malign and unfavorable influence over their horoscope. The alchemical philosophers were of this belief, one of whom, the famous

Jerome Cardan, of Paris, declares that a subtle and powerful spirit dwelleth and worketh in words. God, he says, called our great progenitor Adam, which signifieth the red earth out of which he was made, and our first mother Chavah, or Eve, which signifieth that she was taken from the side of the man. He likewise named all the four-footed kind; the Lion signifying the strength of that dreaded and cruel beast; the Horse, the generous and faithful nature of that divine bestowal to the unborn generations; with divers others, embracing therein the birds, whereof the eagle is monarch, besides the fishes of the sea." Isn't it interesting?

She. Rather;—but I don't see what it has to do with naming our baby.

He. I'm coming to that. Here it is: "There is an especial virtue in the names of woman. Marguerite, a happy name, wherewith the Trouveres were used to crown their queens of poesy, signifies that precious little flower which in England is miscalled the Day's



ALDINE TEMPLER.

Eye. Theodora is one whom God hath given. The Divine Wisdom is manifest in Sophia, which, meseemeth, is the reason why so few dames"—he's getting sarcastic—is Paracelsus. I'll skip a page or two. Mary—he's too complimentary to Mary.

She. What does he write about Mary?

He. Oh, he derives the name from *Mare*, the Latin word for the Sea, implying, I suppose, that all Marys are seas of delight to their husbands; while I derive it from the English word *Mare*, which, when gray, you know, is the better horse. I begin to believe it.

She. But our baby's name?

He. We have not thought it out yet.

She. I have.

He. What is it?

She. Minerva!

He. A splendid name; but not quite suitable.

She. It is mother's name!

He. I know; but it is too queenly, and all that, for Dumpling there.

She. I'm sorry you don't like it.

He. It isn't what I like, or you like, darling girl; it is what will best indicate the character of the child.

She. Then, you won't let me name her after mother?

He. I didn't say so.

She. Then you will?

He. I didn't say so.

She. I promise that you shall name the next.

Of course it is settled, then and there, that the baby is to be named Minerva.

Speaking of names, reminds us that *THE ALDINE* is in a fair way to immortalize itself, and others. The ladies now wear it in the shape of an *Aldine Polonaise*, and trample it under their feet in the mazes of an *Aldine Polka-Mazourka*; and they will soon wrap it about them in the web and woof of an *Aldine Flannel*. The gentlemen of California imbibe it spiritually in an *Aldine Saloon*; and it has lately made one lady in Chicago happy, for she has an *Aldine Baby*—ALDINE TEMPLER. Here is how it happened, if we may trust a tricky little sprite, who claims the right to sing for the baby's father:

THE BABY'S NAME.

What should we name the baby?

We thought of a dozen names;

Some were my wife's relations,

Some were my early flames.

Bessy, I said, is pretty,

And so is Alice and Grace.

I was always sweet upon Alice?

It was only before your face!

Elizabeth is too common;

I'm certain I don't like Jane;

Laura?—I once knew a Laura,

And she was dreadfully vain!

Rose?—Pretty, but too poetic.

What do you think of Kathleen?

So, puzzling over the matter,

We picked up the last ALDINE.

—It must be something expressive

Of her little mind and heart;

Suggestive of books and pictures,

And the happy world of Art;

Original, too, and uncommon—

"I think I know what you mean."

—And that's the way our baby

Came to be named ALDINE.

MUSIC.

LISZT'S DANTE SYMPHONY.

THE New York Philharmonic Society produced at the fifth concert of the season, on the 15th of March, a work which is commonly supposed to be one of the greatest examples of the new school of musical composition. Liszt's Symphony to the "Divina Commedia" of Dante presents perhaps the fullest development of the composer's theories of art, and the ripest fruit of his technical skill and science. To musicians, therefore, it has very strong attractions, and its performance, for the second time in this city in three years, was awaited with the greatest interest. To the average listener we must admit that it is a severe trial. No other of Liszt's works, that we now recall, exacts of the unlearned audience such a painful effort of mind, or appeals so exclusively to the higher intellectual powers. Of melody, and even of symmetrical musical phrases, it is absolutely barren. It is an attempt to represent, or at least to symbolize a state of existence from which the perception of beauty, the concord of sweet sounds, the harmony of form and tone, and the soothing influence of gentle emotions are forever banished. How a composition can be accommodated to these essentially unmusical conditions, and yet remain music, is a problem which vexes the curiosity. We may say that Liszt does not solve it. He gives us some exquisite music which does not agree with his subject, and he gives us some startling pictures of hell and purgatory, which are not music; but he does not combine the irreconcilable. He has taken for the subject of the symphony two divisions only of the "Divina Commedia," namely, the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio." The first opens with a startling passage for the trombones, indicative of the inscription over the gates of hell,

"Through me the way is to the city dolent;"

and then comes the terrible curse, pealed forth with the blare of trumpets and horns,

"All hope abandon ye who enter in."

We plunge at once into the uproar of the abysmal circles. Shrieks, groans, lamentations, horrible jeers and curses, resound amid a tempest of commotion. The most extraordinary effect is produced by short bizarre solo phrases, uttered by various instruments in turn, now the bassoon, now the oboe, now the violoncello, while the other forces of the orchestra supply a subdued background of troubled sounds, dashing to and fro like some dark and fearful ocean, above which the cries are heard in startling relief. All this is frightful; it is suggestive; it is impressive—but it is not music. The storm is stilled for a brief space, and a plaintive passage, which Liszt describes as a dialogue, represents the sorrowful reminiscences of the lost souls, and calls to mind the lines of the poet,

"There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery."

This part of the symphony is delicious; but it is soon broken by a recurrence of the curse, *Lasciate ogni speranza*, and the movement closes with a climax of accumulated horrors. In the "Purgatorio" the suggestions of suffering are relieved by the constant though distant prospect of liberation. We have here no cries of hopeless anguish, but rather a perpetual melancholy in the midst of which arises from time to time the voice of prayer. The opening is a Gregorian theme, and this is followed by a fugue which is supposed to indicate contrition, patience and hope. But strange to say, it has none of the pathos which the composer threw into the wail of the damned. It is sad; but it is insufferably wearisome, and it seems to us to have no interest apart from its remarkably ingenious resolutions of some of the great difficulties of counterpoint. The second part of the movement is much more pleasing. After the fugue a chorus of female voices, preluded by a few chords on the harp, intones the "Magnificat," and by degrees the voices and orchestra together swell to a grand climax of joy. The penalty has been paid, the work of purification is complete, and the redeemed souls enter triumphant into the joys of heaven.

So ends one of the most impressive of modern musical compositions. It certainly stirs the imagination, though it rarely touches the feelings, and its effect upon the whole is both perplexing and unpleasant. Does Liszt really point out the direction in which modern art is tending? We should be sorry to believe it; for music which merely agitates the colder intellectual faculties without getting near the heart, can never be food for the passions of the human soul—cannot be that gift,

"From heaven sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life."

THE OPERA.

The opera company certainly did not improve during its provincial journey. It came back to New York in the latter part of February rather worse, if possible, than it went away—with the same singers, the same leaders, and nearly the same meagre repertory and with aggravated habits of carelessness, and apparently an inveterate objection to rehearsals. Yet Madame Lucca has not lost much popularity. Large audiences listened to her, with no remarkable enthusiasm indeed, but with quiet satisfaction. They accepted all that she did as proper, if not quite perfect. If she gave a new reading of a familiar part, it was taken for granted that the old way must have been wrong, and the prepossessions of only a year ago were forgotten. Her Mignon, for example, was a singular contrast to Nilsson's, and, to our taste, not a pleasant contrast. It was Mignon with all her freaks and naughtiness, but without her sentiment. Yet the public of New York has received it with quite as much favor as the same public bestowed last year upon the Mignon of the fair Swede, and has not been at the pains to inquire whether it is artistically true or false. Madame Lucca, in fact, is remarkably destitute of sentiment, and herein lies her great defect as an artist. In the characters which she first assumed in this country the defect was not very conspicuous. Her Selika was

picturesque; her Valentine was passionate and dramatic; her Margherita lacked the tender melancholy appropriate to Gounod's music, but it had so much of the homely simplicity of Goethe's heroine, that in our admiration for its fidelity to the poet, we forgot how imperfectly it interpreted the composer. In the Zerlina, however, of "Fra Diavolo," we saw how little Madame Lucca combines, with grace and prettiness of action, the more delicate and graceful emotions of true musical feeling. In the Zerlina of "Don Giovanni," the same thing was still more plainly manifest. With Mozart, indeed, she has very little sympathy. She excels in broad dramatic effects; she has no appreciation of the finer beauties which immortalize the work of this greatest of the operatic masters. Three months ago we said a few words of her Cherubino, in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and a subsequent hearing of her in the same part has strongly confirmed our former impression. The fascinating little page in this most wonderful of comic operas is one of the brightest creations in the whole range of the musical drama. He is a boy in sprightliness and animal spirits; but a true ardent lover in sentiment. He has reached that glowing time of life when the heart is first stirred by the tender passion, and everything is colored for him with the rosy atmosphere of dawning love. "Non so più cosa," I know not what it is, he sings, that stirs my heart with these strange feelings, and sends through my frame this unwonted thrill. He pens verses to the object of his foolish passion. He steals the ribbon that has bound her hair. He mopes and cries when he is banished from the house that contains her. For her sake he puts on a girl's disguise, and exposes himself to ridicule, which a boy dreads more than danger. He is by turns amusing and melancholy, frolic and sentimental. Love, however, instigates all his actions, influences all his language, controls even his gayest freaks. Cherubino in love is indeed the central figure of the play. If the gallant little page, frisking through scene after scene and pushing his pretty face into the midst of every group, were not in this tender frame of mind, the story would lose its consistency and the music would miss its greatest charm. But Madame Lucca seems to forget the essence of the part. Her page is merely a spirited and rather comical boy. He rollicks through the various intrigues of the drama, and they hardly seem to touch him. He sings about his passion for the Countess as if it were the best joke in the world, and he scolds about the mysterious disturbance in his breast, in the famous "Non so più cosa," as if he were telling of a playmate who had cheated at marbles. Surely there was never so jocular a boy as this pretty, curly-headed rascal, who trots about the castle and the garden, rubbing his hands and admiring his fine clothes; but then there was never so unromantic a lover. Miss Kellogg, as the vivacious Susanna, is much better than the Cherubino; for she not only acts the part appropriately, but sings the music with great sweetness and expression. Of the rest of the cast there is not a word to be said in praise. The Figaro of Signor Morianni is dull beyond all conception; and what is this opera with a dull Figaro? Mlle. Levielli, Sig. Sparapani, Mr. Lyall, Mrs. Schofield, Mr. Dubreuil—there was nothing in the performance of any of these ladies and gentlemen to kindle one spark of interest. We need hardly say that the chorus and orchestra were bad; they always are under the present management.

The part of Agatha, in the Italian version of "Der Freyschütz," represented in the third week of the season, has been pronounced by some critics one of the most magnificent of all Madame Lucca's rôles; but this praise seems to us extravagant. She does indeed produce with it an extraordinary effect, but she does not leave a permanent impression, because she does nothing to individualize the character. Her Agatha is nothing more, dramatically, than a dozen other loving women in white muslin, and differs in nothing save the relative excellence or defects of the singing, from the many other Agathas to whom we have, from time to time, listened. Her triumphs are won entirely by two pieces of musical elocution which have no essential dramatic connection with the development of the story; they might be separated from the opera, and performed in a concert room, or interpolated between the scenes of some other work, without losing any of the effects by which Madame Lucca makes them remarkable. The first of these pieces is the famous "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," in the second act; the other is the "Und ob die Wolke," in the fourth. The andante in each of these she sings with beautiful expression, and if she fails to make the prayer emotional it is because she has not really a sympathetic nature; it is in strong passions rather than in tender emotions that she most deeply impresses her audience. The "Wie nahte mir," in fact, was not a specially smooth bit of cantabile delivery; but when she came to the second part of that scena, with its quick-changing character of joyous vivacity, she showed us something of her true genius. This magnificent passage thoroughly aroused the house, and she was called back after it again and again. The "Und ob die Wolke" had no such exciting measures; but it was very sweetly and gracefully delivered, with more warmth than we should have expected.

CONCERTS.

The second concert of the New York Vocal Society, given March 6th, was quite as good as the first. There were comparatively few madrigals, but those few were among the best of their kind, and not the least successful of them was Mr. Caryl Florio's "Farewell to May." Mr. Florio has caught the true spirit of the old madrigalists, and his composition is a model of its kind—graceful, fanciful, melodious, and elaborate. There was a charming trio by Henry Leslie, entitled "Memory," and a beautiful four-part song, "Silent Night," by John Barnby. A chorus and two chorals, from Bach's "Fifth Motette," were admirably sung. The concert of the Onslow Quintette, on the 5th of March, had for its principal features Mozart's string quartette in B flat, and a quintette in C sharp minor, by Carl Grädener, of which the former was by far the most successful. Grädener is a Hamburg musician of repute, who has written a great deal of chamber-music, songs, piano-pieces, etc. An excellent workman, and a man of ideas, he does not, at least in this quintette, possess the art of sustaining the interest of his listeners through a long and elaborate composition. The vocal music at this concert comprised two part-songs of Mendelssohn's, one by G. Macfarren, and one—a very good quintette—by Mr. Caryl Florio.

ART.

THE KENSETT SALE.

ONE need not be a very old inhabitant to note the enormous strides that Art has taken in New York within the last thirty years. He has only to recall the old Art Union, and the kind of work that figured at its exhibitions, and compare it with what he can see any day by dropping in at the picture shops. It would seem invidious to name some of the painters who were then called fine artists, but it is safe to say that most of them are forgotten. They filled their places, whatever they were, and passed away to make room for a younger and abler generation, who learned from their failures how not to fail themselves. If any of Cole's pupils took to painting allegories and religious landscapes, we have not heard of them. We may say the same, minus the landscapes, of Rossier's pupils, if he ever had any. The truth is that our artists have learned what Art is, and what Art is not, and our picture lovers and picture buyers are learning the same lesson. Whether they have shot ahead of, or fallen behind, the artists, is a question which remains, we think, unsettled. They are getting to be tolerable judges of Art, better judges, indeed, than the average artist desires them to be, for they are outgrowing or have outgrown him. It could not well be otherwise, in view of the great number of good pictures which are on exhibition here, and which during the last three or four months have amounted to hundreds, to speak within bounds. There was, for example, the Exhibition of American and English Water Color Artists; there was the Beaumont Collection; there were other collections whose names have escaped us; and there was the Kensett Collection and Sale. The last was the event of the year—the event of many years, as regards American Art, and a very curious event it was, when one comes to consider it calmly.

The Collection filled the entire Academy of Design—literally filled every foot of the walls of all the rooms; and it was not all on exhibition, either, for the spaces gave out before the pictures did. There were upward of a thousand in all. Out of this number six hundred and ninety-four were sold at auction, of which less than fifty were by other artists, the sale occupying the evenings of the last week in March. Think of, say, six hundred and fifty pictures by one painter, who died before he was fifty-five, and who in his lifetime never sold half that number! Was there ever such a monument of industry as this? And was it a desirable one? It was, perhaps, as far as the knowledge of the artist was concerned—for no artist can know too much, but as regards his practice we are not so certain. That it has added any to the reputation of Kensett we do not believe. Kensett himself could not have desired the sale of his whole Collection, if it be true, as we have been told, that he would not sell a picture that did not satisfy him, and that he never sold his sketches. It was instructive to visit the Academy when the Collection was on exhibition, and see what pictures had the greatest crowds before them. It was instructive, also, to hear what was said about them. One could see at a glance that Kensett was a favorite artist, and that most of his admirers there were poor judges of his work. Their raptures—and there was little else than rapture—were often absurd. We can say this, now that the Exhibition and the Sale are over and it will hurt nobody.

But the Sale? There never was anything like it here. It did not appear to be engineered much, or not more than is customary on such occasions, but its success was simply stupendous. The large Lecture Room of the Y. M. C. A. Building was crowded nightly with buyers, and the difficulty seemed to be—who should pay the most. The auctioneer would start with an imaginary bid of one or two hundred dollars, upon which bid, then made actual, some enthusiastic person would toss another actual hundred dollars, to be immediately followed by a similar enthusiast, who had several fifty dollars that he was ambitious to invest. This occurred—not once, or twice, or ten times, but over and over again. Bidders would bid against themselves, without seeming to know it, or care for it, determined to have what they wanted, and they generally got it—at twice or thrice the sum they would have paid if they only kept cool. Sometimes two would claim a picture that had just been knocked down. It would be put up again, and they would proceed to punish each other, until the one who could stand it no longer would stop, occasionally to the discomfiture of the other, who suddenly woke to the fact that he had been making a fool of himself. If the disputed picture had been the best in the Collection, or one of the best, the bystanders could have understood, and, to a certain extent, have sympathized, with the feeling of the rival bidders; but such was not the fact. The picture was—just what it happened to be, and the buyer—just who happened to have taken a fancy for it. Art did not enter into the duel at all; it was the senseless fight of empty heads and full purses.

Understand us. We do not mean to say that the whole Sale was characterized by such proceedings; nor that all who bought pictures in it were ignorant of their value. Far from it. Many bought wisely, if dearly, and a few bought wisely, and cheaply. As a rule the smaller the picture was, the better it was, provided that it was a picture, and not the merest sketch of one. Kensett's finished sketches were admirable, but they were few in number as compared with his unfinished ones, which, for the most part, were hints that he probably understood, and possibly other artists, but nothing more. They had no value as Art, or none that a layman could perceive. The enthusiasts who bought them will dispute this proposition, no doubt, but it is true, nevertheless, as they will discover when their ardor has cooled off. They will tire of their daubs of rock, their bits of water, their streaks of sky and cloud, and will wish they had something better instead, which will be to wish they had understood Kensett better. As an artist he was singularly refined and poetic, and what was native to his genius he did better than anybody else. This, we believe, is the verdict that his brother artists would sanction. He attempted some things for which he was not fitted—as what artist does not?—and in these he succeeded only tolerably.

The moral of the Kensett sale, for it has one, is not that the American people are indifferent judges of Art—for we maintain the contrary—but that they can be carried away, as a people sometimes are, by a sudden epidemic. There was a Kensett Epidemic which nobody quite understood, and which nobody wishes to see repeated. It would have humiliated Kensett. It paid his executors, however, since it netted a hundred and twenty odd thousands of dollars!

LITERATURE.

WE used to think we knew something about poetry, but the longer we live and the more we read the more doubtful we become. One thing is tolerably certain—if the present race of verse-writers are poets, the earlier races were not. If "The Blessed Damsel," for example, is a poem, "Lycidas" is not: if "Fifine at the Fair" is a poem, "Comus" is not: if—but let the reader name the latest verse-work of almost any recent English singer, and if it is poetry, there is no poetry in all that the old poets have written. We can understand those elderly gentlemen, which would not be the case, you know, if they wrote poetry. We are not told so in as many words, but that is the opinion of the new school of poets, and the meaning, so far as it has any, of the new school of poetry. We must be mystical, they say to themselves, we must be sorrowful, we must be "grand, gloomy, and peculiar"—we must be anything rather than intelligible. You must descend into our wells if you want to find Truth, no matter how muddy the water may be. You must crack the nut before you can have the kernel.

What we have to say in this matter, or something like it, is the subject of a clever *feu d'esprit* lately published in England, entitled "Every Man his own Poet; or the Inspired Singer's Recipe Book." That the author, a Newdigate Prizeman, is not to be bamboozled by names, is evident in his recipe for making a Browning—the Browning, say, of "Sordello" and "The Ring and the Book." Here it is: "Take rather a coarse view of things in general. In the midst of this place a man and a woman, her and her ankles, tastefully arranged on a slice of Italy, or the country about Pornic. Cut an opening across the breast of each, until the soul becomes visible, but be very careful that none of the body be lost during the operation. Pour into each breast as much as it will hold of the new strong wine of love: and, for fear they should take cold by exposure, cover them quickly up with a quantity of obscure classical quotations, a few familiar allusions to an unknown period of history, and a half-destroyed fresco by an early master, varied every now and then with a reference to the fugues or toccatas of a quite-forgotten composer. If the poem be still intelligible, take a pen and remove carefully all the necessary particles."

As we have mentioned Rossetti, who is not without followers in this country, we give the Newdigate Prizeman's recipe for making the Rossetti mixture: "Take three damsels, dressed in straight night-gowns. Pull their hair-pins out, and let their hair tumble all about their shoulders. A few stars may be sprinkled into this with advantage. Place an aureole about the head of each, and give each a lily in her hand, about half the size of herself. Bend their necks all different ways, and set them in a row before a stone wall, with an apple-tree between each and some large flowers at their feet. Trees and flowers of the right sort are very plentiful in church windows. When you have arranged all these objects rightly, take a cast of them in the softest part of your brain, and pour in your word-composition, as above described. This kind of poem is much improved by what is called a burden. This consists of a few jingling words, generally of an archaic character, about which we have only to be careful that they have no reference to the subject of the poem they are to ornament. They are inserted without variation between the stanzas."

A good specimen of the burden, or refrain, will recur to the readers of that most amusing volume of parodies, Calverley's "Fly Leaves":

"The old wife sat at her ivied door,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese.)
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees."

Still better, as a skit at "The Ring and the Book," is Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull." We forget whether he has burlesqued Swinburne, but if not it would not have been difficult for him to do so. To have imitated William Morris would have tasked him more, for Morris has several manners, the latest of which is not at all to our liking.

It takes form, or, more strictly speaking, evades form, in "Love is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond." (Roberts Brothers.) It is a long poem, of course, for Mr. Morris has ceased to write short poems, and, of course, the personages who figure in it are shadows and abstractions. The scene is laid nowhere in particular, and the time is—when the reader pleases. It purports to be a Morality, which, if our memory serves, was a sort of dramatic representation that preceded the Drama, and is supposed to have delighted our simple-minded ancestors. It was not difficult to please them, if such was the case—certainly not so difficult as it is to please us. They were content with artlessness: we demand art, and we are getting it just now with a vengeance. We do not object to art-poetry, when it succeeds, but we do object to it when it fails, as it does here. Mr. Morris has mistaken his powers in "Love is Enough." He has also mistaken, we think, the spirit of the old Moralities. At any rate it escapes him—as it would not have escaped Browning, had he selected the freeing of Pharamond as a theme for a Morality, and as it did not escape Swinburne, when he wrote, what he calls a Miracle Play, "The Masque of Queen Bersabe." What Mr. Morris lacks most is clearness. We understand his intention, but his execution surpasses our understanding. It is true that his personages are shadows, but then there are laws by which even shadows are governed. It is only a dream, he might say, and justly, but greater poets than he have shown us,

"That dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy."

The intention of "Love is Enough" is thus set forth in the Argument: "This story, which is told by way of a Morality set before an Emperor and Empress newly wedded, sheweth of a King whom nothing but Love might satisfy, who left all to seek for Love, and, having found it, found this also, that he had enough, though he lacked all else." The scene is laid nowhere, as we have already remarked, and the most important of the *dramatis personae*, of which there are thirteen in all, are the newly wedded Emperor and Empress, Pharamond and his foster-father Master Oliver, Giles and Joan, two peasant folk, and the abstraction of Love. The Morality opens with a dialogue between Giles and Joan in the streets of a great town where the people gather together thronging to see the Emperor and Empress pass. The procession being briefly described, music is played, after which the royal pair enter. The

Mayor addresses them, and announces the play "Of Pharamond the Freed," which, after more music and more talk, begins. One of Pharamond's councillors questions Master Oliver with regard to his foster-son, who is in a lamentable condition of mind. Master Oliver recounts the different devices to which he has resorted in order to rouse him, none of which have been successful. The result of his third experiment is graphically painted:

"We bade gather the knights for the goodliest tilting,
There the ladies went lightly in glorious array;
In the old arms we armed him whose dints he well knew
That the night dew had dulled and the salt sea had sullied:
On the old roan yet sturdy we set him astride;
So he stretched forth his hand to lay hold of the spear
Neither frowning nor laughing, as lightly his wont was
When the knights are awaiting the voice of the trumpet.
It awoke, and back beaten from barrier to barrier
Was caught up by knights' cries, by the cry of the king.
Such a cry as red Mars in the Council-room window
May awake with some noon when the last horn is winded,
And the bones of the world are dashed grinding together.
So it seemed to my heart, and a horror came o'er me,
As the spears met, and splinters flew high o'er the field;
And I saw the king stay when his course was at swiftest
His horse straining hard on the bit, and he standing
Stiff and stark in his stirrups, his spear held by the midmost,
His helm cast a-back, his teeth set hard together;
E'en as one might, who, riding to heaven, feels round him
The devils unseen: then he raised up the spear
As to cast it away, but therewith failed his fury,
He dropped it, and faintly sank back in the saddle,
And turning his horse from the press and the turmoil,
Came sighing to me, and sore grieving I took him
And led him away, while the lists were fallen silent
As a fight in a dream that the light breaketh through.
To the tune of the clinking of his fight-honored armor,
Unkingly, unhappy, he went his ways homeward."

Pharamond persuades Master Oliver to accompany him to his garden, where he relates, in a broken and confused way, the experiences through which he thinks he has gone, and tells him about a woman whom he has seen in a strange land, in his dreams, and whom he loves. This scene, which is an elaborate though hardly successful psychological study, is perhaps the best in the play. Master Oliver is again persuaded by Pharamond, and we next meet them among the hills of a foreign land, trying to discover the whereabouts of the dream-woman who has so bewitched the royal madman. They discourse at great length—at least the king does—and we gather what has befallen them since they set out on their quest. Their story done, Master Oliver leaves his master sleeping. Love now enters, and is mistaken for Death; singing is heard without, and at last enters Azalais, who narrates her wanderings in search of a dream-man, who, of course, is Pharamond, and whom she perceives asleep, and, after a long soliloquy, kisses. He awakens, and one would suppose that all was well, but something is wrong—we fail to detect what; they are separated again, and we have more of Master Oliver, and Pharamond, and various other personages. Pharamond returns to his kingdom that has taken to itself a new king during his absence. He could have retaken it, if we understand the drift of the later scenes, but he makes no attempt to do so—for Love is enough. What becomes of him afterward, we are left to conjecture. Perhaps he is wed to Azalais, perhaps not; no matter what happens—Love is enough. This, we believe, is the "moral" of Mr. Morris's Morality, and it is to be presumed that the Emperor and Empress liked it. They ought to have done so if they did not, for they were newly wedded, and in no danger of losing their kingdom.

We hardly know what to quote from this curious medley, its merits and defects are so evenly balanced, so we select at random. Here is a glimpse of Pharamond's love, as seen by him in one of his dreams:

"As I sat there and changed not my soul saw a vision;
All folk faded away, and my love that I long for
Came with raiment a-rustling along the hall pavement,
Drawing near to the high-seat, with hands held out a little,
Till her hallowed eyes drew me a come into heaven,
And her lips moved to whisper, 'Come, love, for I weary!'
Then she turned and went from me, and I heard her feet falling
On the floor of the hall, e'en as though it were empty
Of all folk but us twain in the hush of the dawning.
Then again, all was gone, and I sat there a-smiling
On the faint-smiling legate, as the hall windows quivered
With the rain of the early night: weeping across them,
Nought slept I that night, yet I saw her without sleeping;
Betwixt midnight and morn of that summer-tide was I
Amidst of the lilies by her house-door to hearken
If perchance in her chamber she turned amid sleeping:
When lo, as the East 'gan to change, and stars faded,
Were her feet on the stairs, and the door opened softly,
And she stood on the threshold with the eyes of one seeking.
And there, gathering the folds of her gown to her girdle,
Went forth through the garden and followed the highway,
All along the green valley, and I ever beside her,
Till the light of the low sun just risen was falling
On her feet in the first of the pass—and all faded.
Yet from her unto me had gone forth her intent,
And I saw her face set to the heart of that city,
Mid the quays where the ships of the outlanders come to,
And I said: She is seeking, and shall I not seek?
The sea is her prison-wall; where is my prison?"

Azalais finds Pharamond lying beside the highway, and recognizes him as her bosom's lord:

"Not death, for he sleepeth; but beauty sore blemished
By sorrow and sickness, and for all that the sweeter.
I will wait till he awakens and gaze on his beauty,
Lest I never again in the world should behold him.
—Maybe I may help him; he is sick and needs tending.
He is poor, and shall scorn not our simplicity surely.
Whence came he to us-ward—what like hath his life been—
Who spoke to him last—for what is he longing?
—As one hearkening a story I wonder what cometh,
And in what wise my voice to our homestead shall bid him.
O heart, how thou faintest with hope of the gladness
I may have for a little if there he abide.
Soft there shalt thou sleep, love, and sweet shall thy dreams be,
And sweet thy awaking amidst of the wonder
Where thou art, who is nigh thee—and then, when thou seest
How the rose-boughs hang in o'er the little loft window,
And the blue bowl with roses is close to thine hand,
And over thy bed is the quilt sown with lilies,
And the loft is hung round with the green Southland hangings,
And all smelleth sweet as the low door is opened,
And thou turnest to see me there standing, and holding
Such dainties as may be, thy new hunger to stay—
Then well may I hope that thou wilt not remember
Thine old woes for a moment in the freshness and pleasure,
And that I shall be part of thy rest for a little."

And then—who shall say—wilt thou tell me thy story,
And what thou hast loved, and for what thou hast striven?
—Thou shalt see me, and my love and my pity, as thou speakest,
And it may be thy pity shall mingle with mine.
—And meanwhile—Ah, love, what hope may my heart hold?
For I see that thou lovest, who ne'er hast beheld me.
And how should thy love change, how'er the world changeth?
Yet meanwhile, had I dreamed of the bliss of this minute,
How might I have borne to live weary and waiting!"

As a whole, "Love is Enough" is a failure. There are good passages in it, as we have shown, and there are passages which we can make nothing of. The songs, or odes, or whatever they are, before each scene, are very vague and obscure. They read like bad imitations of Swinburne at his worst. The speeches of Love are babble, which confuses the mind as to what was, and is to be, in this singular production. There is genius in it, we admit, as there is in all that Mr. Morris has written, but it is not the graceful, pensive, equable genius that conceived "The Earthly Paradise." It is the genius of the hour, if it deserves the name—the spirit of uncertainty and unrest which bewitches and bewilders so many, with its tricks of manner and its chaos of meaning—the Puck of modern poetry, whose gambols have lost their playfulness, and whose mischief has become a serious evil. It is he, or the poets that he has bewildered, that makes us go back to the earlier and simple singers, and say with Izaak Walton (who was thinking of the lyrics of Marlowe and Raleigh), "They were old fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

Among the multitude of hidden things which science is continually bringing to light, there is nothing more wonderful than the knowledge that we have gained in regard to the depths of the sea. Once believed to be unfathomable, we have proved that it is fathomable everywhere, and that its depths have been greatly overrated. It was believed until recently that a line of 50,000 feet had been run out without touching bottom, but more careful experiments have shown that this was an error. The average depth of the Atlantic does not exceed 2,500 fathoms, and in the last chart of the North Atlantic there are but few soundings beyond 3,000 fathoms. It was maintained by naturalists not long since, that below a certain depth life could not possibly exist, on account of the enormous pressure of the water, but later researches have shown that they were mistaken. The sea has been sounded to the bottom, and wherever the dredge has gone life has been found.

The Literature of the Sea, if we may coin the expression, is already large, and every year adds to its extent. The latest addition that we have seen is an interesting volume, entitled "The Depths of the Sea" (Macmillan & Co.), the work of Mr. G. Wyville Thomson, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, and member of various learned societies. Professor Thomson was one of a party of scientists who made several dredging cruises in H. M. S. *Porcupine* and *Lightning*, during the summers of 1868, '69, '70, and the object of his volume, or one of its objects, is to give an account of the general results arrived at through these cruises. They were very important, as even we unscientific laymen can perceive, and all the more so because they thoroughly disproved the theories of some of the most eminent naturalists, with regard to oceanic life. Professor Thomson and his associates, Professors Carpenter and Jeffreys, Fellows of the Royal Society, may have had theories of their own, but they set out to discover, and they brought back, *facts*. Their cruise in the *Lightning* was around the Faeroe Islands; their cruises in the *Porcupine* were off the West Coast of Ireland, in the Bay of Biscay, in the Channel between Faeroe and Shetland, from Shetland to Stornoway, and from England to Gibraltar and back. The greatest depth at which they dredged on the *Lightning* was 650 fathoms (3,900 feet), where they found life in abundance; the greatest depth reached by them on the *Porcupine* was 2,435 fathoms (15,610 feet), and life was abundant even there. A large proportion of the forms living at these immense depths belong to species hitherto unknown, and are consequently of great interest to naturalists.

Professor Thomson devotes one chapter of his work to "Deep Sea Soundings," and, after a *résumé* of results previously arrived at, says, "The Atlantic Ocean, with the accessible portions of the Arctic Sea, has naturally, from the relation in which it stands to the first maritime and commercial nations of the present period, been the most carefully surveyed; and as it appears to contain depths nearly if not quite as great as any to be found in the other ocean basins, it may probably be taken as a fair example of ordinary conditions. It is open from pole to pole, and thus participates in all conditions of climate, and it communicates freely with the other seas. We have still but scanty information about the beds of the Indian, the Antarctic and the Pacific oceans, but the few observations which have hitherto reached us seem to indicate that neither is the depth extreme in those seas, nor does the nature of the bottom differ greatly from what we find nearer home." "The thin shell of water which covers so much of the face of the earth occupies all the broad general depressions in its crust, and it is only limited and more abrupt prominences which project above its surface, as masses of land with their crowning plateaus and mountain ranges. The Atlantic Ocean covers 30,000,000 of square miles, and the Arctic Ocean 3,000,000, and taken together they almost exactly equal the united areas of Europe, Asia, and Africa—the whole of the old world; and yet there seems to be few depressions in its bed to a greater depth than 15,000 or 20,000 feet—a little more than the height of Mont Blanc—and, except in the neighborhood of the shores, there is only one very marked mass of mountains, the volcanic group of the Azores. The central and southern parts of the Atlantic appear to be an old depression, probably at all events coeval with the deposition of the Jurassic formations of Europe, and throughout the long ages the tendency of that great body of water has no doubt been to ameliorate the outlines, softening down asperities by the disintegrating action of its waves and currents, and filling up hollows by drifting about and distributing these materials."

The illustrations in Professor Thomson's volume are exceedingly good. They are admirably drawn, are finely cut, and as specimens of printing are worthy of a place in our own pages.

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